



**BENEATH THE
PLANET
OF THE
APES**

**CHRIS LEE in
His New
DRACULA Film**

**PLUS-: "Smash
Gordon"/"Buck
Rogers"/Movie
News; and the
HEADITORIAL
[Etc.]**

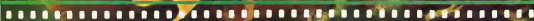
WITCHES & DEMONS

No. 15



50¢

CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN







ABOVE: Since his early work appeared more than 35 years ago in the pages of "Weird Tales," Virgil Finlay's artwork has been heralded the world over, and rightly so as one and all may testify by the example up above. Acclaimed for more than a generation now as one of the greatest illustrators of this or any other time, Finlay has often illustrated many of the works of A. Merritt, as in the case above in a scene from the modern fantasy classic, *THE SHIP OF ISHTAR*.

RIGHT (Inside front cover): The two dynamic duos of terror are none other than the great George Zucco and the great Boris Lugosi, as they are seen experimenting in "Things not meant for any ordinary man's" this memorable scene from *VOODOO MAN*. One other great metaphysical highlight in this asotark little saga was John Carradine's singularly mystic comment (this is during a moment when zombie-like girls are filing past while Carradine is counting them): "Humm ... You're a pretty one!"



BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES
It breaks the "sequel jinx" as a controversial and uniquely attractive film capable of standing strongly on its own. 5

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA
Chris Lee mixing up the occult, demonology and Satanism as he portrays the legendary Count in a different "vein". 8

CoF SLAYMATE: VERONICA CARLSON
Horror-Fantasy films favorite femme playmate-slaymate of the year. Cushing's had her, Lee's had her, so she's all ours and yours, courtesy CoF. 11

THE WITCH'S BREW
The Witch's pot has thrived, firmly and medicinally, for thousands of years. In this new feature, you'll learn how "There are more things in heaven" etc. 13

HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS:
All Manner of Fantasies. Part 2 of the monumental article tracing the genre's genesis from Melles to Corman. ... 17

KARLOFF'S LEGACY: TARGETS
Dan Bates in an incisive and moving tribute to Boris Karloff and powerful analysis of his last best film. 25

LITTLE NEMO
One of the greatest "comic" strips, its creator Winsor McKay, rated newspaper graphics to a noble, beautiful level rarely ever attained since it was first introduced in 1910! 28

MARQUEE!
MAR! is not only an abridgement for Marmoset but also for MARQUED, proving: You may take spacemen out of the country, but— You can't bring the spacemen to the country! 30

THE OBLONG BOX
Fried, paned and broiled, this is the Price paid. 32

SMASH GORDON
Not only great graphics in the CoF tradition by Jaunty Frank Brunner, the debut of a new intergalactic menace who makes Mingo look Merciful by comparison. 34

THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS:
Frank Brunner. 36

HEADITORIAL—Psyche It To Me!
Where the Head Man of CoF raps away in the Land Of HI sentent the existential and materialistic verities, the metaphysical riches or deficiencies and grooviness of the hippies, i.e. the way-outness of the in-ness (or the in-ness of way-outism) in: (1) THE COMIC BOOK COUNCIL; (2) "IN" Movie Houses; (3) WORLD OF SFantasy FANDOM. Plus a zillion other mind blowers. 38

Front Cover: "Nightcraft," as delineated by the feverish imagination and fine hand of Pervert Frank Brunner. "Nuff said!

Back Cover: Dedicated appropriately to those four great Englishmen, The Beatles, who've stimulated, contributed and pioneered more in the World of Imagination than much of the world yet realizes.

AND STILL MORE CONTENTS

LIN CARTER LOOKS AT BOOKS

He not only looks, stares and peruses them, but thoroughly analyzes The Good, The Bad and The Crudly as proven in this current examination. 38

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

IN RE: CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN subscriptions and information pertaining to the right honorable and ancient art & practice of collecting Back Issues of CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, of course. 66

FANTASY FILM NEWS Meets

The MOVIE NOOSE REEL

Edited and compiled by CoF's Man-of-the-Now: Were, Philip B. Moshcovitz. 41



Created, Edited & Published by
CALVIN T. BECK

Associate Publisher: HELEN BECK

Editorial Associate:

PHILIP B. MOSHCOVITZ

Publisher Emeritus:

CHARLES F. KANE

Lay-out Assistant: FRANK BRUNNER

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Jon Davison, Joe Dante Jr., Buddy Weiss, The Mermoset.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Dan Bates, Stanley Kewbrink, Dan Glut, Lin Carter, Ron Borst, Mark Frank, Dave Weiskopf, Bert Grey, Robert C. Roman, Wm.K.Everson, Mike McKay, Victor Rosen.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Dennis Prato, Joan Hey, Eric Naumann, Charlie Federman, Vic Ghidella, Gerry de la Rue, Glane Solomon, Mark Ricci, MGM UNIVERSAL, AMERICAN INT'L. NEG. ASSN., WARNER BROS., Films & Feming.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, published 6 times a year by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 508 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10017. Entire contents copyrighted (c) 1970 by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc. Volume 4, Number 3 (whole number 15).

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS: You are indeed encouraged to submit contributions for editorial consideration, since CoF is not a closed shop. However, adequate postage and an envelope should be included at all times. Great care will be exercised regarding the care and attention to all material, but responsibility cannot be assumed for unsolicited work. No part of this publication can be reproduced without the publisher's permission in writing. Anything to the contrary may be regarded as an infringement of Federal and International Copyright Convention laws and subject to prosecution.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION:
\$5.00 for 9 issues, \$10.00 for 20 issues. Canada, overseas and elsewhere: \$6.50 for 9 issues; \$12.25 for 20 issues.



An ARTHUR P. JACOBS Production

BENEATH
↓
THE
PLANET
OF THE **APES**



BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

Cast & credits

20th-Fox—AFJAC Prods. Released mid-June/70. Running time: 95 minutes. Panavision; color. Produced by Arthur P. Jacobs; directed by Ted Post.

Starring Charlton Heston as Taylor; James Franciscus as Brent; Kim Hunter as Zara; Maurice Evans as Dr. Zaius; Linda Harrison as Nova; Paul Richards as Mendel; Victor Buono as F. R. Rhin; James Gregory as Urus; Jeff Corey as Caspary; plus Natalie Trunty, Thom as Gomez, David Watson, Don Pedro Colley, Tod Andrews, Greg Sierras, Eldon Burke, Lou Wagner.

ALL those moviegoers who wondered what were the fates of Charlton Heston and Linda Harrison after they headed into the Forbidden Zone at the end of *PLANET OF THE APES* two years ago will have a chance to find out this year in this fascinating sequel. 20th has created a follow-up which starts off exactly where the 1968 film ended: In fact, the final scene of the earlier film serves as a prologue to the present one.

As a rule, film sequels seem to bear the "sequel curse" and have been notoriously inferior to their originals; but the curse for the moment seems to have gotten lifted by Paul Dehn and Mort Abrahams (who both wrote the story, Abrahams scripting)—they used their imaginations spily in dreaming up further adventures for the Pierre Boule characters (Abrahams has a rich background in SFantasy work he's done over the years, particularly for TV, and goes all the way back to 1952-53 when he worked on ABC-TV's marvelous production of *TALES OF TOMORROW* every week).

Apparently not wanting to take a long role in a sequel but willing to do a short one (with special billing) to tie the films together, his Taylor character makes a mysterious disappearance early in the movie. He turns up again for an explosive climax, however.

Meanwhile Linda Harrison (actually Mrs. Richard Zanuck in her other life), as Nova the human who can't talk, is sent out into the desert to discover yet another American astronaut whose ship has also crashed on the planet of the apes. James Franciscus as the "naut" plays her companion in a series of mishaps in which both are captured by the apes and escape with the assistance of the married couple of chimpanzee psychologists who were in the original (Kim Hunter plays her role again, but David Watson has replaced Roddy McDowell). Franciscus and Miss Harrison then make their way to the subterranean area referred to in the title, which is nothing less than the ruins of New York City after a nuclear war. It is inhabited by a weird race of mutants with superior mental powers whose domain the apes invade in a bloody climactic battle in which both sides meet up with horrible results.

A weakness is that *BENEATH* lacks the essential novelty of its predecessor in its unique concept of a universe in which simians act like humans but rule over the latter while holding them in slavery. The sequel is also deficient in the droll humor of the original. There is also some obvious—not to mention obstreperous—protylizing over the folly of war that sometimes threatens to turn the picture into a sermon.

Producer-director Richard Zanuck's hold on luscious lovely Linda Harrison shouldn't be misconstrued if it is interpreted as overly affectionate. Harrison fails, do not grieve too deeply: Yep—she's also Mrs. Zanuck.



But most of it is fun. The sets, especially those of NYC's ruins, are exquisite; and the make-up designed by John Chambers for the apes in the first film is repeated with fidelity. Another actor carrying over from the first *PLANET* is Maurice Evans, and a new character—a militant ape general—is well played by James Gregory. Acting throughout is nevertheless no more than adequate.

she runs across Brent who just happened to cross the Time Barrier into the future to search for the missing Taylor. And so Nova and Brent ride off into the sunset to find Charlton Heston and brave the perils of Ape City.

The main problem with the film is contrivance. The first portion deals with Brent (James Franciscus) and Nova (Linda Harrison) being captured by the apes, receiving aid from simian do-gooders Zira and Cornelius, and finally escaping. We do have, however, a new element in what so far seems to be nothing more than a rebirth of *PLANET OF THE APES*. James Gregory plays a power-hungry warrior-general called Ursus who believes in seeking territorial expansion for the ape empire through the use of warfare. All thru the streets of Ape City are seen groups of young simians carrying signs saying "Doom comes soon" and "Unite in Peace," which is supposed to be extremely relevant and timely. So far though, all we have is monotonous continuity and transparent contrivance.

When Brent and Nova enter the Underground city, the real merits of the film begin to take hold. The mat shots involving the ruins of Radio City Music Hall and the N.Y. Stock Exchange are quite effective. The remains of the Queensborough Place subway station is also very good (even if it in no way resembles its real counterpart).

We also get our first look at the underground mutants who use non-visual thought projection to inflict pain upon Brent and Nova, and yet not harm them physically. It is a weapon of illusion, just as their visual deterrents (the pillar of fire

and curtain of rain) to help keep their enemies away. Because the brains of the apes are so small, they are unable to hold the mental suggestions of the mutants, leaving the creatures basically defenseless. On top of all this, these underground creatures worship a cobalt bomb, responding to it as God's instrument on earth.

All of this leads up to an eventual confrontation between the mutants and the apes, and a reunion among Nova, Taylor and Brent.

So we have basically a film with good special effects, devoid of blatant sexual excitement (a 'G' rating), and is generally always interesting, at the very least. But it's certainly hardly as all as memorable as the original of '68, and what bothers me most is that it basic source of inspiration seems to have sprung from a dollar sign rather than an idea. The production will undoubtedly make money on the strength of *PLANET*, but I'm sure most people will be somewhat let down after seeing this new effort.

The ending will not be revealed, but you can be sure there won't be a sequel to *BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES*!

— Sir Buddy McWeiss —

Being yet another critique — this time: except the socio-satirical SFantasy significance and metaphysical eroticism of
BENEATH
THE
PLANET
OF
THE APES
by the hon. resident critic at large:
Sir Buddy McWeiss

Taylor and Nova gallop through the Forbidden Zone and—Zapl Teylor suddenly disappears. Nova rides bareback (and to some extent barefront) all by herself until, just by coincidence



TASTE THE BLOOD OF

DRACULA



CONSIDERING the popularity of the subject, it is rather surprising that only two actors have been able to establish a reputation in the role of Count Dracula—the late Bela Lugosi and the present, and much more famous, **Christopher Lee**. While Lugosi had the satanic features the part demands, he was rather tubby and had to achieve his best effects by being discovered in motionless stances in unexpected places. Christopher Lee, on the other hand, is far taller than average (6 ft. 4 ins.) and being of slim build, with ascetic features, he is a far more convincing Count than his trail-blazing but less talented predecessor.

Although the original *Dracula* was a huge success when it was first released in 1930, no one considered a remake until Hammer Films decided to chance their arm in 1958. They had been looking around for a suitable actor for the name part—not an easy assignment after Lugosi's classic portrayal—and the studio had been impressed by the performance of the tall actor who played the Creature in *The Curse of Frankenstein*. It was, of course, Christopher Lee and he was given the part of the bloodthirsty Transylvanian nobleman. The success of the Hammer version of *Dracula* staggered the film industry, not only in this country but throughout the world and Lee became the new horror star to follow in the gruesome footsteps of Lugosi, Boris Karloff and Lon Chaney.

Christopher Lee has since made his mark in many other types of film, from sex movies to Shakespeare, but it is as a horror star that he is best known. In addition to his *Dracula* films, *Dracula*, *Dracula Prince Of Darkness* and *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave*, he has also had remarkable success in other fields of horror, notably for his interpretation of Sax Rohmer's famous creation, the Chinese super-scientist criminal Dr Fu Manchu.

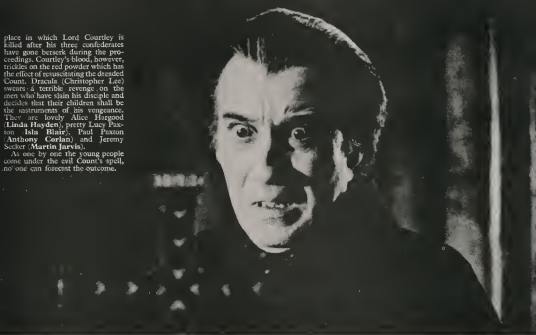
And now Christopher Lee has completed his fourth *Dracula* film for Hammer with *Taste The Blood Of Dracula*. This is another gory horror in the true Gothic tradition and has to do with the relics of Dracula—a black cloak, a ring and a phial of red dust. These are coveted by a disciple of the Count, Lord Courtley (**Ralph Bates**) who hasn't the means to acquire these objects until he has been able to enlist the support of three outwardly respectable but morally degenerate, Harwood (**Geoffrey Keen**), Paxton (**Peter Sallis**) and Secker (**John Carson**).

On obtaining the relics of Dracula, a wild and fearful ceremony takes



place in which Lord Courtley is killed after his three confederates have gone berserk during the proceedings. Courtley's blood, however, trickles on the red powder which has the effect of resuscitating the deceased Count. Dracula (Christopher Lee) swears a terrible revenge on the men who have slain his disciple and decides that their children shall be the instruments of his vengeance. They are lovely Alice Hargood (Linda Hayden), pretty Lucy Fenton (Isa Binn), Paul Fenton (Anthony Corlan) and Jeremy Sackler (Martin Jarvis).

As one by one the young people come under the evil Count's spell, no one can forecast the outcome.





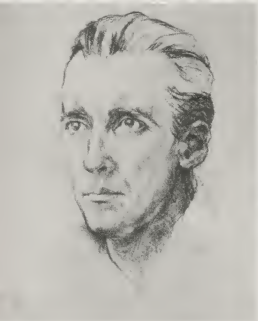
CoF's SLAYMATE-OF-THE-MONTH:

In the grand tradition of Hazel Court and Melissa Stribling arrives the latest addition to Hammer's heroines: Veronica Carlson, femme lead of **DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM**

THE GRAVE and **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED**.

The blonde, green-eyed Miss Carlson was born in Yorkshire, England. After finishing school, she pursued careers in art, modeling and TV.

Continued



Eventually her interests turned to motion pictures and she received a walk-on in a British film, **THE MAGNIFICENT TWO**. She then appeared in **SMASHING TIME** and **THE BEST HOUSE IN LONDON**. It wasn't long before James Carreras, head of Hammer, saw her photo in a newspaper

and signed her for the Dracula film. Veronica can currently be seen in the United Artists film, **PUSSYCAT, PUSSYCAT, I LOVE YOU**. Her next appearance will be in the forthcoming, **THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN**.

— Sir Buddy MacWells —



WITCHERY, SATANISM & EVIL ride high as the femme leader of filmic eerieness, Barbara Steele, evokes all that is dark, unnameable and dreadful in AIP's *THE CRIMSON CULT*, which stars Boris Karloff, Chris Lee and Michael Gough.

Beginning with this issue, CoF will be running a series of articles concerned with various areas of the nearly lost art of healing

It has been wisely said that some of mankind's greatest knowledge of the art and science of healing got relegated to the dust bin and, consequently, became all but lost once material medical practice took over, organized and, like Caesar's wife, created the impression that it was quite above reproach. This impression, however, is as vulnerable as a balloon on top of a needle point. Even a large section of modern medicine has finally come to the realization that synthetic and unnatural elements may often seem to relieve illness and suffering, but they do not often cure and can often cause serious *side effects*. On the other hand, nearly all methods and remedies that have become classified as "folk medicines," *witches brews* and the like have usually a *natural*, not a *synthetic* origin. In many instances, this can be the difference between life and death as proven by the deleterious effect patent and prescription drugs have had with many patients.

In ancient times during periods when they were not only tolerated but even held important positions and high office, witches and sorcerers were greatly respected and counselled. Before and even during much of the Dark Ages, virtually every little town and hamlet had a magician or sorcerer, often both, presiding over a school and shop for cures and curses, which were available for the asking. Because of their own special knowledge of medicine and healing, they gained the confidence and friendship of the community, and were also feared as well as respected for their use of secret poisons and pretensions to knowledge of hidden things.

The witches were thus the midwives, the magicians the popular physicians. Most of anything we know of today about their ancient skills has been handed on down to us through the research of Paracelsus, greatest of all the doctors of the 16th Century. He relates how the secret art owes its most miraculous cures to various vegetable elements and extracts. This knowledge is today contained mostly by health food experts and by that outstandingly unique handful of men known as *Herbalists*. For a variety of vague and irrelevant, though hostile, reasons modern

WITCHES BREW

Predilection for evil
attained grand style
in the form of this
monstrous hag in
THE MAGIC
SWORD.



medicine maintains a policy of derogating (when not actually boycotting) "unorthodox" knowledge, preferring remedies that may tend to lead away from than into Nature's Path.

Although what follows isn't meant to be a complete cure-all guide for various ailments, it is fundamental information with deep, ancient roots—roots whose very beginnings may have begun within

the very midst of *lost civilizations*. Of course, in an emergency a good and intelligent physician (if one can be found) is necessary; otherwise, your best bet is a hospital with a good reputation (since

there are many butcher shops around) with, preferably, a respectable medical college behind it.

[NOTE: All text following italics and appearing in parentheses is further clarification of certain points that may seem antiquated or obscure because of the period when they were written]

Diseases of the breast, so painful for women, disappear as if by enchantment by the application of sedative cataplasms made of herbane. (Herbane seed is still used for irritable conditions; it acts as a sedative in such complaints as asthma and whooping cough. For breast complaints generally, however, the modern herbalist has several other remedies, such as red clover.)

The same for convulsions accompanying a difficult childbirth: a sachet of belladonna applied to the stomach soon brings relief and soothes away pain. (Belladonna plasters are of course still a common if slightly old fashioned alleviant. They are now used for febrile conditions, coughs, etc., and for the suppression of glandular secretions? and externally in applications for the relief of gout and rheumatism.)

Bites by mad dogs or other venomous beasts are cured by drinking wine in which stalks of verberna have been boiled, or by applying to the wound leaves plucked from this plant. (Verbena [vervain] is a well known antiseptic, used as a nerve tonic and for feverish colds, fits, convulsions and similar complaints. Plantain might also well be used.)

Myrtle berries, dried, pounded and preserved with white of egg, then applied in the form of a plaster to the mouth and the stomach, prevent vomiting. And an infusion of this plant's leaves, applied in compresses on the forehead, the temples and the feet, brings a calm and healing sleep to fever sufferers. Obdurate colds and violent pains in the head [neuralgia or migraine] can be cured by inhaling the warm vapours of the same infusion. (The myrtle leaf is frequently used for chest complaints and night sweats, also for general pulmonary disorders.)

Bean flour, applied to the breast, cures abscesses which often prove mortal under the scalpel of surgery. (The present-day herbalist would use ordinary white flour and honey. A number of other plants have been found sovereign for curing abscess:

Marshmallow, red clover, slippery elm and aconite.

Leaves from a peach tree, preserved in vinegar with mint and alum, then applied to the navel, are a dependable dispeller of worms for children. (The peach is now used for the relief of gastric surfaces and in pulmonary complaints. For expelling worms quassia chips are now the usual remedy; coriander and wormwood have also been found useful.

If you chew burnet in times of plague,

As if born to "witchery," Leona Anderson's wrath-like magnificence wends itself through THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, weirdly tenanted by fellow malefactors V. Price, Elsie Cook and Richard "The Stranger" Long.

it will preserve you from contagion. (The greater burnet is now used as an astringent and tonic; also for stopping haemorrhages.)

The flower of the marshmallow, pounded with pork fat and turpentine, then applied to the stomach, cures inflammations of the womb. The root of the same plant, infused in wine, prevents retention of urine. Its seed, pounded and kneaded in the form of an ointment which is rubbed lightly over the face and hands, prevents wasp and bee stings, etc. (The marshmallow is a demulcent often now used to remove inflammation both internal and external. In the old herbal books it was known as the "mortification root," i.e. for the prevention of mortification.)

A decoction of the kind of camomile which we call royal comfrey brings still-born children from the womb. Used in compresses on the eyes, the same decoction removes film from the eye. (Royal comfrey or "knitbone" definitely helps the growth of bones. It is used for duodenal ulcers, while the leaf subdues inflammation. It is a demulcent and astringent used extensively in pulmonary complaints.)

Stalks of anet, cooked in oil and applied to the head, deliver patients from insomnia. (Probably dill seed is meant. This is a carminative and tonic. Dill water is used for children's complaints such as flatulence.)

Leeks, ground up and mixed up with barley flour and oil, clear away herpes and other skin eruptions. (Leeks are generally regarded and freely used as a purifier of the blood.)

Plantain leaves, pounded and applied as poultices, cure ulcers on legs and feet. The seed of the same plant, pulverized in wine, or its leaves preserved in vinegar, stop attacks of dysentery. The same plant, eaten raw after dry bread taken without drink, cures dropsy. The root of the fresh-water plantain infused in wine neutralises opium poisoning and the effects of other narcotic ingredients. (These remedies are mainly correct as stated in modern practice; the plantain is a valuable diuretic. The late W. H. Box, a famous herbalist, said that plantain would cure nearly anything, from poisons and insect stings to piles.)

~~~~~

[The next instalment in this series will appear in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN No. 16. Meanwhile, the editors of CoF would appreciate your comments and reaction to this unusual department. So please let us know by dropping a line in care of: Sorcerer's Apprentice  
GOTHIC CASTLE  
509 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10017



**HISTORIANS** estimate that some 9½ million people, mainly women and girls, were killed following witch trials in Europe. The first 'witch' to be burned was at Toulouse in 1275 and the last 'official' one in Mexico in 1884.

The last victim in Germany was Anna Marie Schwägelin, in April of 1775 but, in fact, the German Medical Information Service estimates there are still around 10,000 people earning a livelihood as witchfinders mainly in remote districts.



Above: "Austria: 1700". Olivero Vuco, as the lovely Venesse, being revengefully apprehended as a witch — she had previously repulsed the local witchfinder, Albino (Reginald Nalder). Right: Gaby Fuchs is tortured for blasphemy and witchcraft — one of the many victims of Lord Cumberland (Herbert Lom)

Some 70 of these people are brought to trial every year but the police report that 99 per cent of such cases never come to the courts.

There are, it seems, still some peasant folk who believe that the sickness of their animals, sour milk and impotence are the result of supernatural causes.



— a man of strict moral code, condemning all earthly pleasures. Later Albino discovers his strictness is the result of impotence and in a rage Cumberland kills him. Scenes from "Mark of the Devil". Directed in Germany by Michael Armstrong. Atlas International World Distribution.

be —  
witched  
bothered  
and  
be —  
headed

Right: another revenge scene from Yoshihiro Ishikawa's "Onyaku the Female Demon" which, while in the tradition of the early silent suspense serials, has reached a wider field of operation. An unusually informative book on the silent suspense serial is Kelton C. Leihue's "Bound and Gagged"





# All Manner of Fantasies

This is the second of two articles dealing with the investigation of the causes and effects of fantasy and horror films. This survey deals with the American horror film from the silent period to the present.

By **PETER JOHN DYER**

**EDWIN S. PORTER** made his Méliès style *Dream of a Rarebit Fiend* in 1906. From then until 1930, when **DRACULA** established the horror film as a staple Hollywood commodity, American fantasy films were desultory and few. The Scandinavian cinema, the witchcraft films of Christensen and Dreyer, the folk-tales of Sjöström and Stiller, were steeped in a tradition of European painting (Bosch, Arcimboldo, Breughel) and literature (Selma Lagerlöf). The Caligariism of German cinema was engendered both by the disturbed sado-masochistic, visionary writings of Hoffman, Kafka, Buchner and Nietzsche; and by a Nordic predisposition for abstract art, arising in turn from an inability to resolve the mysteries of nature's phenomena into any reassuring form. America remained detached from such obsessional fantasies, and made little use of her own.

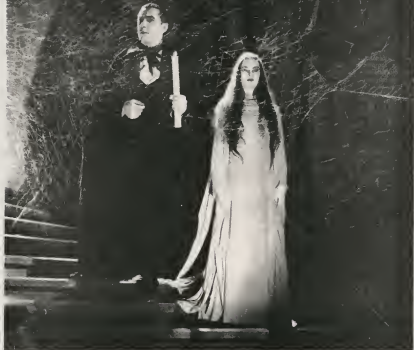
Poe was invoked occasionally, and for the first time by D.W. Griffith in 1909, **EDGAR ALLAN POE**, though advertised as a "Picture Story Founded on Incidents in His Career," was, in fact, more directly based on Poe's **THE RAVEN**. Five years later, in **THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE**, a Poe mosaic designed from **THE TELL-TALE HEART**, **THE PIT & THE PENDULUM** and **Annabel Lee**, Griffith gave the American cinema its first psychological fantasy, and his most outstanding artistic achievement prior to **BIRTH OF A NATION**. The cast included **Blanche Sweet**, **George Siegmann**, **Ralph Lewis** and **Henry B. Walthall** (whose superlative characterization earned him the publicity title of "Edgar Allan Poe of the Screen.")

## PURITAN WITCHCRAFT

Griffith also filmed a story of Puritan witchcraft, **ROSE O'SALEM-TOWN** (1910); and **A PUEBLO LEGEND** (1912): "A Mythological Story of the Indians of the South-west." This promising subject was revived in 1915 when under Griffith's supervision Jack Conway made **THE PENITENTS**, featuring **Seena Owen**, **Josephine Crowell** and **Dark Cloud**, a Pueblo Indian. This singular work kindled the public imagination, for it was (and possibly still is) the only film to contain scenes actually shot in the mountainous wilderness of the Penitente country, in north New Mexico. Incidents of fanaticism and ritual-murder in the script led to Griffith's employment of two advisory specialists: Father **Eugene Sagarin**, an authority on New World flagellant ritualism; and **Charles Lummis**, explorer and historian. Lummis always claimed to be the only man ever to photograph a Penitente crucifixion.

Lon Chaney Sr., apparently delighted with the way he performed in **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**, seems to emulate John Barrymore's style of a few years earlier in **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE**.





Tod Browning recreated his *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT* (1927) into *THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE* for 1935. A better budget, certain added meticulous details and, though lacking Chaney, even a better supporting cast didn't help avert the spell of the Re-Make Curse; yet despite this, the charm, unmistakable signature and stamp of the unique Browning are more than evident. Above and on the next page are scenes from the 1935 re-make starring Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland, with Lionel Barrymore, Jean Hersholt and Lionel Atwill.

The following year Griffith wrote and produced an equally intriguing boxoffice hit: *THE FLYING TORPEDO*. Directed by Jack O'Brien, featuring John Emerson and Essie Love, this was a prophetic vision of the invasion of Southern California by an Asiatic horde in flying torpedoes, using robot bombs as weapons! [Editor's Note: Whether prophecy or not, the theme of Asian conquest of North America also found itself prominently established in the beginning of the opening *BUCK ROGERS* strips of 38 years ago—a theme that, incidentally, seemed to carry over into the character of the Fu Manchu-like "Ming the Merciless" of *FLASH GORDON* fame years later.—CTB.]

Hollywood had already begun to experience an invasion... of foreign directors to handle fantasy subjects. The first notable import was Maurice Tourneur, from France. Tourneur had

been the first to exploit the mystery of wax-works in *L'HOMME AUX FIGURES DE CIRE* (1913), and he started his American career with a hypnotism subject, *TRILBY* (1915), starring Clark Kimball Young. Later his two Maguerite Clark vehicles, Maeterlinck's *THE BLUE BIRD* (1918), and *PRUNELLA* (1919), were notable for their novel and fanciful style.

*PRUNELLA* was a delicate fantasy about an odd little girl growing up in a strange house with three glib aunts, whose efforts to keep her from the outside world cannot prevent her falling in love with a pierrot. Both films were daringly anti-realistic. Like *CALIGARI*, and in the same year, though without the macabre distortion, they achieved a deliberate artificiality by theatrical staging, decorative costumes and settings silhouetted against black drops.

Although *CALIGARI* astonished Hollywood

when it arrived from Germany, its immediate influence on American directors was as slight as that of Tourneur's work, except for three satires made by James Cruze. The first, *ONE GLORIOUS DAY* (1922), grasped fresh cinematic possibilities in the realm of imagination, and its fantasy—that of a spirit of Valhalla coming to earth and inhabiting a Professor's body—had a touch of Caligarianism. Despite Will Rogers in the lead, and the witty debunking of prohibition and spiritualism, this film did not do well financially.

**HOLLYWOOD**, a story about failure and current scandal in the film colony, employed forceful and imaginative trick camerawork in its dream sequences. The hero, imagining himself a knight-errant in a latter-day Babylon, rows through traffic-jammed Los Angeles streets

Continued





Louis Wolheim (left) in conversation with John Barrymore in 1920's outstanding hit, *DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE*. Barrymore had throughout his life such a versatile career that many have had difficulty in knowing how to categorize him: Shakespearean of the Broadway stage; swashbuckler adventurer on screen (*DON JUAN*, *THE SEA BEAST*—the latter remade in '31 again starring J.B.); comedian (20th CENTURY, *THE GREAT MAN VOTES*, etc.). And Horror Actor par excellence: As above and in the title role of *SVENGALI* (1931). Undoubtedly much of the Barrymore legend is mainly due to the fact that he never remained shrouded to one particular genre; and yet he was great—probably the greatest? — and always, unmistakably **BARRYMORE**.

in a boat, finally catapulting into an enchanted garden where fully dressed film stars dive backwards out of a swimming pool.

**BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK** (1923), starring Edward Everett Horton, adopted the grotesquerie and expressionism of *CALIGARI* to a marked degree, though for purposes of social ridicule against the nouveau riche rather than psychological implication. Again, this imaginative use of the medium was not a great boxoffice success. Nor was *Alta Nazimova's* weird, Teutonic, stylized *SALOME*; and indeed anything remotely avant garde, such as Charles Klein's *THE TELL-TALE HEART*, generally had to be made independently of the commercial system.

How and where, then did the horror film originate? The seeds were undoubtedly sown in the work of three directors, Rex Ingram, Paul Leni and Tod Browning, and an actor, Lon Chaney.

There are elements of macabre fantasy in several Rex Ingram films. A pictorial stylism in the minor, Tourneur school, with a fertile imagination, Ingram was 29 when he became famous for *THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE*. The misty visions of War, Plague, Famine and Death galloping through the clouds might have been conceived by a Murau, and pre-

pared one for the frightening dream sequence in *THE CONQUERING POWER* (with Valentino, 1921). *TRIFLING WOMEN* (1923) involved Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in a decadent and elaborate "vamp" romance in the style of Huysman's "A Rebours."

With his mania for eccentricity, exoticism and ugliness, Ingram was more European than American, and he did indeed settle in Nice, France, after 1926, as an expatriate producer-director, continuing to live there in obscurity when his career ended with silent films. In Nice he made a fantastic espionage melodrama, *MAKE NOSTRUM*, with his wife, Alice Terry, and Antonio Moreno; and a poor adaptation of Maugham's *THE MAGICIAN* (1927). The most interesting feature of this film apart from the celebrated operation scene, executed in the German style, and an orgiastic dream sequence concerning Pan, is the ideal casting of Paul Wegener in the title role, drawn from the late, infamous Aleister Crowley.

Wegener returned to Germany with his Russian co-star, Ivan Petrovich, to make *UNHOLY LOVE* (1928) based on a novel by H.J. Ewers, and directed by Henrik Galeen: the team, in fact, from *THE STUDEN OF FRAGUE*. This new film combined the themes of *DRACULA* and

*FRANKENSTEIN*. Wegener plays a scientist who creates an artificial woman, Alraune, from the bodies of a hanged criminal and a prostitute. Portrayed by Brigitte Helm as a somnambulant vampire, Alraune ruins all who love her, finally destroying herself. The theme could hardly fail, and Richard Oswald directed a talkie version only two years later, again with Brigitte Helm.

#### MOCKING THE FANTASTIC

Meanwhile, Paul Leni, director of *WAXWORKS*, had quit his compatriots for Hollywood, there to create a vulgarised, streamlined personal style, mocking the fantastic while combining it with Caligarnia, which soon became the accepted prototype. From *DRACULA* to *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*, the horror film was to become a tame, emotionally undeveloped mutant, born of a symbiotic compromise between Hollywood's comic-strip-minded producers and the ghosts of Homunculus, Nosferatu and the Mad Doctors of Germany's UFA.

On the strength of *THE CAT AND THE CANARY* (1927), starring blonde, attractive Laura La Plante, and adapted from John Willard's popular play, Paul Leni was hailed by his new employers, Universal, as "the inventor of the

CARL LAEMMLE  
PRESENTS

# "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE"

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S  
DRAMATIC STORY OF  
THE HORRORS OF PARIS



Grimmer than that grim picture, "DRACULA," more gruesome and awe-inspiring than "FRANKENSTEIN," EDGAR ALLAN POE'S remarkable mystery story "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," laid in the dark caverns of Paris, will thrill you to your finger-tips. Beautifully enacted by

**BELA LUGOSI** and **SIDNEY FOX**

The Original "DRACULA"

Star of "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION

CARL LAEMMLE, President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



terror film." He quickly made **THE CHINESE PARROT** (with Anna May Wong); a pretentious failure, **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS**, with Conrad Veidt; and finally a talkie, with Laura La Plante, **THE LAST WARNING**, a typical comedy-thriller taking place in an abandoned theatre haunted by spiders, bats and ghosts.

When Leni established the genre's directorial style, Lon Chaney spent ten years establishing a fashion for monsters and miracles of alarming make-up. He worked with Tourneur (**TREASURE ISLAND**, **WHILE PARIS SLEEPS**), Rupert Julian (**PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**), but above all with Tod Browning, a director sharing Chaney's propensity for warped minds and bodies. Among their many films together were **THE UNKNOWN THREE**, **THE UNKNOWN**, and **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**.

**THE UNKNOWN**, a circus film starring Norman Kerry and Joan Crawford, brought to the screen the most terrifying armless monster imaginable. His feet (Chaney uses them with fantastic agility as if they were hands) massive and obscene, this unfortunate creature is obsessed by some unnamed, mandatory desire for Joan Crawford. However, the shocking revelation is that

his arms were concealed and that he had been pretending all along; but Crawford only loves him as he seemed to be. Ergo, he undergoes total amputation of his arms to preserve her love! A very disturbing, sick film which, in a sense, echoes in Alfred Werker's **SHERLOCK HOLMES**, 1940, when Ida Lupino is hounded through Kew Gardens at night by a club-footed South American—an unseen gauchito monster armed with a murderous pair of bolas.

Lon Chaney died in 1930; Paul Leni, suddenly, the year before. Carl Laemmle's Universal studios, having initiated the horror film urgently needed directors and actors to establish the tradition in sound. The choice of Tod Browning was obvious. The other directors came mainly from abroad. They included James Whale, an English stage actor and producer, who had recently come to Hollywood to direct **JOURNEY'S END**; Michael Curtiz, or Curtiz, from Budapest, who had filmed in eight European capitals from 1913 to 1927, and was noted for fantastic spectacles (serving to direct most of the best Errol Flynn films and act as perhaps Warner Bros.' most valuable director); and Karl Freund, the famous Czech cameraman of **FAUST**.

Chaney's place was filled by an eminent trunvirate of non-Americans: Boris Karloff from England, who starred in a second version of Chaney's **MIRACLE MAN** (1932); Bela Lugosi (nee Bela Blasko), from Lugos, Hungary; and another Hungarian, Peter Lorre. Also on hand was a Swede, Verner Oehlund, or Warner Oland, who specialised in Orientals such as **THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU** (1929), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton; and British actors like Charles Laughton, Claude Rains, Colin Clive, Leslie Banks, Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill, George Zucco and Ernest Thesiger.

#### LUGOSI As HAMLET

Bela Lugosi not only came first upon the scene (film debut in Hungary, 1915; Germany, 1919; and H'wood, **THE SILENT COMMAND**, 1924), but also boasted the most distinguished stage record. He played in the European and American theatre for many years, his best roles being Hamlet, for Reinhardt, and Count Dracula on the Broadway stage.

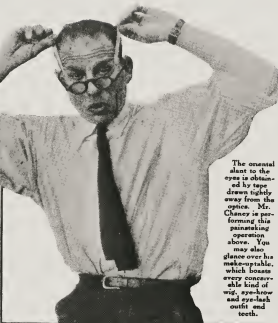
Tod Browning's film of **DRACULA**, using Garrett Fort's screenplay, goes back to Bram

# Lon Chaney's Make-up

You have often wondered how the famous character actor could portray such terrifically ugly Chinamen. These pictures tell you. Directly below, he is putting on one of his wigs. The wig is the simplest part of it.



The hideous effects achieved by Chaney are mostly due to the teeth he wears. These are real teeth which he places over his own and which make him the ugliest man in the movies! (Of course, Lon Chaney is really an awfully nice chap and exceedingly popular in the Hollywood film colour. But he says if this is generally known it will ruin his screen reputation.)



The oriental slant to the eyes is obtained by tape drawn tightly away from the optics. Mr. Chaney is performing this painstaking operation above. You may also glance over his make-up table, which boasts every conceivable kind of wig, eye-brow and eye-lash outfit and teeth.



**Y**OU have seen him as a Chinaman, an Indian—eastern and western, a Russian Grand Duke, a Bowery crook, a half-breed, and a madman. Sometimes you don't even recognize him, and wonder where the director got such a realistic type. Lon Chaney has won distinction and the title of master of make-up and a substantial salary and finally stardom through his ability to impersonate every character under the cooper-hewitts.



1932's *THE WHITE ZOMBIE* has until now been the only film, capo leader of its special genre, to successfully capture and impart occult tropical terror on such a magnificent Gothic scale. Above is Robert Frazer futilely attempting conversation with his stoned companion to the left.

Stoker's unsurpassed novel of 1896, without shunning the bravura approach. It is memorably photographed by Freund, and excels both in spacious, chilling, atmospheric long shots, and in hypnotic close-ups of Lugosi's face. A surprising number of moments stand out for their intense conviction; and at the early scenes in Dracula's castle, from the sunset hour when Dracula arises from his coffin and summons his female slaves, while rats and armadillos scamper among the skeletons in the tomb; to young Renfield's enslavement, as Dracula dismisses the three ghostly women hovering avidly round the unconscious man, finally to sink his teeth into the unprotected throat. Equally compelling is the sight of Dracula, upright, distinguished, terrible, walking the streets of London in an evil trance; his onslaught on the heroine, Mina; and his unmasking when Dr. Van Helsing realizes Dracula has no reflection in the mirror lid of a cigarette box.

The strength of the film is Lugosi's stature. Recognisably human (unlike Max Schreck's *NOSFERATU*), yet as macabre as he is courteous,

Lugosi has the only authentic dialogue in the film. He is on the screen ten minutes before he speaks. Introducing himself, half-way up the great stone stairway, with forbidding simplicity ("I . . . am Dracula"), he glides through a giant spider web, leaving it unbroken, to turn smiling as he hears the howling of distant animals:

"Listen to them. . . the children of the night! What music they make!"

#### Wagner For DRACULA

There are several curious errors in *DRACULA*. Outside the entrance to Covent Garden we hear Schubert. Seconds later, as Dracula crosses the foyer, the orchestra plays Wagner. The heavy slowness of the direction is exaggerated by the absence of background music (apart from Swan Lake over the credit titles!). The biggest mistakes are characteristic of all American horror films. The period, which needs to remain Victorian, is transposed to the present day. The script collapses at the end, unlike the book, because of the arbitrary "B" picture

length. The acting, too, is "B" picture standard: only Edward van Sloan's Dutch professor stands up to Lugosi with any power. Finally, there is some inevitable trite "comedy relief" from a spurious Cockney male nurse.

During what has been generously termed "The Golden Age of the American Horror Film," 1930-40, three more vampire films appeared—Frank Strayer's *THE VAMPIRE BAT*, 1933; Tod Browning's *THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, 1935; and Lambert Hillyer's *DRACULA'S DAUGHTER*, 1936. Browning's film, starring Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan and Lionel Barrymore in the van Helsing type part of Professor Zelen solving the mystery of vampiric attacks surrounding a derelict castle. Again, as so often, the illusion is ruined when the ending reveals Bela Lugosi and his vampire daughter, Carol Borland, as ersatz vampires who are, in reality, actors hired out as unwitting accomplices in a criminal conspiracy.

(Part 3 continued  
in the next issue.)



TARGETS are  
people...and

you could be  
one of them!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES presents

# TARGETS



STARRING

BORIS KARLOFF · TIM O'KELLY · NANCY HSUEH ·

AND

SANDY BARON  
AS KIP LARKIN

Screenplay by PETER BOGDANOVICH ·

Directed and Produced by PETER BOGDANOVICH · COLOR ·

Story by POLLY PLATT and PETER BOGDANOVICH

JAMES BROWN

## TARGETS: Karloff's Legacy by Dan Bates

Boris Karloff's last film to be released before his death is not only this splendid actor's finest since the grand old days at Universal in the Thirties, when he and "dear Bela" worked on the *BLACK CAT* (directed by Edgar G. Ulmer) and Karloff himself played the monster in one of the great horror films of all time, James Whale's *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. It is also his most important.

Important, because Peter Bogdanovich's *TARGETS*, which must be the underdog movie of the year 1968, is the perfect cinematic commentary on the juxtaposition between the relatively innocuous "horror" of old Karloff movies and the contemporary real-life horrors of Vietnam, Chicago and that University of Texas graduate of several years ago. The one who crawled atop Texas Tower in 1966 and proceeded to pick off a number of innocent passersby. "Underdog movie" describes *TARGETS* well, for the incredibly poor distribution given it by Paramount and mistreatment it unjustly received from exhibitors and critics alike throughout the nation. [Editor's note: Mr. Bates honors most of the journalists of various media by calling them critics when, actually, they happen to be merely overrated reviewers. Aside from *CoF*, *Film Heritage* and a few others, there's virtually no criticism worthy of mention in any of the daily and weekly press. You can only find notable critiques in great journals like *Sight & Sound*, *Film Quarterly*, *Film Comment* and in similar publications. -CTB.] In one Southwestern city, *TARGETS* opened in early winter at precisely two drive-ins, and was accordingly completely ignored by the local media.

Bogdanovich's movie, his debut as scenarist-director-producer (not to mention actor: He plays the young director in the film), parallels with perfect Hitchcockian subtlety the seemingly unrelated narratives of (1) an aging star of horror films (Karloff, naturally) who wants to give it all up because the daily headlines make his films seem so much hogwash, and (2) a seemingly nor-



mal W.A.S.P. youth (Tim O'Kelly) brought up by his Pop (James Brown, one-time star of TV's "Rin Tin Tin") to know the value of handling a gun and hitting a target at 150 yards, who, one morning, types out a crude note for the police on his typewriter, then calmly kills his wife and mother and an unlucky grocery boy who happens along. The young man then stations himself first atop a highway-side gasoline tank, then behind a drive-in theatre screen, and proceeds to pick off passersby and theatregoers at random. (This of course made all the more harrowing to see the film at one of the two drive-ins where it opened in that Southwestern city!)

The two narratives converge when Karloff begrudgingly agrees to make a personal appearance at the opening of his final film (actually, Roger Corman's *THE TERROR*), which just so happens to be held at the very drive-in theatre where the young multi-assassin has stationed himself behind the screen to elude the by now alerted fuzz. Here, Bogdanovich's plot contrivances seem the most openly contrived. Otherwise, things go quite smoothly for a first effort. The ultimate confrontation between Karloff and the young killer is lent considerable force through the aged actor's dynamic performance, the result no doubt of a remarkable compatibility between old actor and young director. Bogdanovich is not to be criticised for depending on Karloff in this way. But the film rises above being a mere "vehicle" both through billing (Karloff's name is given no more prominence than that of any other actors in the film—at the end titles, as a matter of fact, he is billed beneath Tim O'Kelly) and thru the sociological slant of the parallel narrative of the crazed young killer.

That Karloff could rise to the occasion—and rise he does in a way not even Roger Corman could engender (Corman is, incidentally, the entire production's "silent" partner)—is a testament to something us horror movie fanatics have long been scoffed and made fun of for believing:

*Three Faces of Karloff:*  
Top—around 1923.  
Middle—circa 1935.  
Bottom—1960.

Boris Karloff, in genre or out, was one of the screen's finest, most dependable actors, and could do almost anything. Cecil B. DeMille had him playing Indian chiefs with unlikely Oxford draws. Remember his religious fanatic in John Ford's *THE LOST PATROL*, back in the Thirties? I always thought he should have played in one of those rhapsodies to Doris Day's virginity like *PILLOW TALK*, because Karloff had, even in his old age, great comic timing. Anyone who saw him as a Corman's comical *THE RAVEN* from both Price and Lorne knows that. [His doozy old men in *COMEDY OF TERRORS* wasn't quite as well written, though Karloff gave the role all he had, which was considerable.] As it was, about the only chance he was given to show his talents outside the horror genre in his last days was a pathetic little spy film called *THE VENETIAN AFFAIR* in which his role of an amnesia-stricken scientist was so poorly developed by the scriptwriters and director that about all he could do was to look sun-tanned.

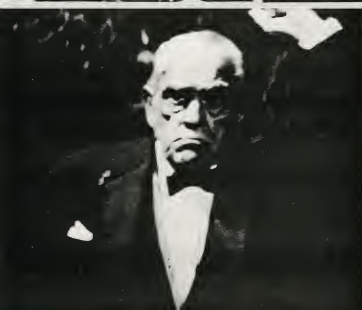
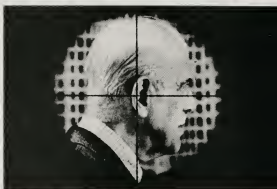
Bogdanovich's eulogy to Karloff in *The New York Times* reveals that, in his latter days, Karloff had trouble with his legs, necessitating a wheelchair almost constantly. Thus the employment of such an instrument, I guess, in *DIE MONSTER DIE*, not to mention the use of an all-too-obvious double in a bright green mask in the final running scenes. And he had even more trouble breathing. Despite this, he was a one-take marvel in scenes in *TARGETS* requiring of the old actor an extended monologue. In truth, he looks great in his last film. He could almost be Cary Grant's grandfather. A one-time feminine acquaintance of mine thought the elderly Karloff was as "sexy" as Grant or Marcello Mastroianni. I once asked her what she meant by "sexy," and she defined it for me as a certain indefinable masculinity amplified by unspoken forcefulness, evincing true confidence both in self and in others. Karloff had this, and it showed even through bombs like *VOODOO ISLAND* and *FRANKENSTEIN* 1970. It found a perfect screenplay complement in Bogdanovich's film.

Bogdanovich has learned much from the subjects of his long interviews (published in *Esquire* and elsewhere) with Hitchcock, Ford and Hawks. Needless to restate, the development of *TARGETS* is most Hitchcockian, but there is at least one scene between Karloff and Bogdanovich-The Actor that is particularly Hawksian. It is also a wonderful example of a fine old actor who is uniquely able to laugh at himself, like Cagney in *MR. ROBERTS*. Karloff is alone in his bedroom at the hotel and Bogdanovich, drunk, visits him to vent his wrath for Karloff's refusal even to read the script for the young director's proposed new film for him which, the young man insists, would rejuvenate the actor's flagging career. Together they watch a scene on TV from Hawks' 1930-ish *THE CRIMINAL CODE*, the film in which James Whale first saw Karloff perform. The visual contrast between gaunt young man and dignified elder statesman, the Karloff of then and now, is amazing. It doesn't seem the same person, and, yet, so wide is Karloff's acting range, so wide has it been over all these 38-odd years, that we know it is. The two of them then get smashed together and wind up sleeping it off with their clothes on in the adjoining bedroom. The morning after, Bogdanovich awakes first and starts so violently that he wakes Karloff. "Whasamatta?" the actor mumbles. "Oh, nothing," the young director replies. "It's just waking up and seeing Byron Orlock the first thing in the morning." (Orlock is the name of Karloff's role, otherwise the character is totally Karloff, i.e. he plays himself.)



*In TARGETS, Karloff plays the part of an old time horror star who feels that there's no use continuing in the business when environment competes with anything studios can create for sheer shock. In the bottom photo, Karloff's reaction is almost comedic upon seeing his reflection.*

"Very funny," growls Karloff. Then, he gets up to go into the living room. En route he passes a mirror and, on seeing himself, he jumps! The effect is touching, and, as I said earlier, quite funny. Rare is the man who can laugh at himself, and at his own image. Rare and admirable. The scene was undoubtedly Bogdanovich's idea, but Karloff did go through with it, and his playing of it lends to it unquestionable poignancy and hilarity. It's only a very brief scene, and I don't want to



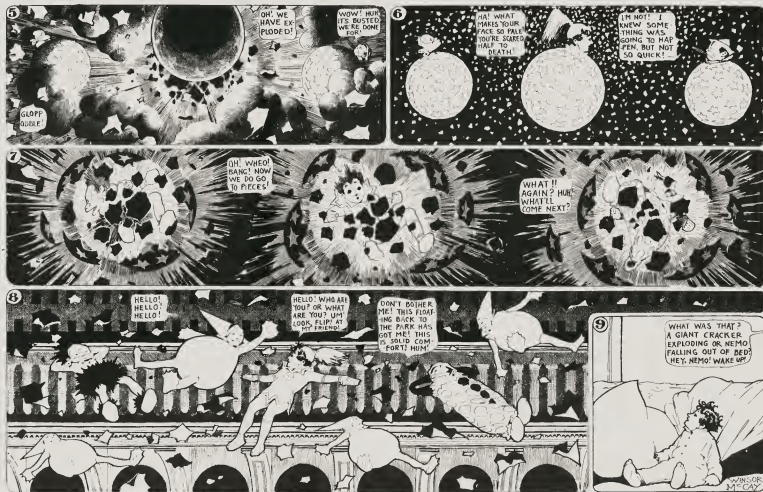
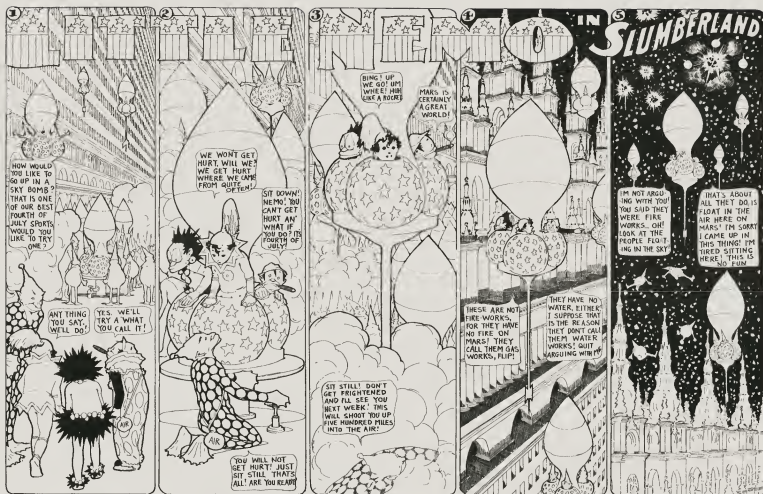
overblow it, but I think it does give us some idea of Karloff's thoroughly admirable character. He was one to be admired, both as actor and as man. Rare are such individuals, in show business or elsewhere.

Were I to draw up a selective list of five films (very selective, indeed) to give some idea of what has happened to horror films over the years, I would start with F.W. Murnau's silent, pirated filming of Bram Stoker's *NOSFERATU*, followed by Carl Dreyer's matchless *VAMPYR*, the two nearest approximations to nightmares in movie history, to the best of my knowledge. Then would come either *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* or the Ulmer *BLACK CAT*, the best films of the Hollywood-Universal horror period of the Thirties. Next comes Hitchcock's *PSYCHO*, one of the two great popular films of the last decade (with Arthur Penn's *BONNIE & CLYDE*) and, in the learned opinion of Village Voice film critic Andrew Sarris, the great American film of the Sixties. And, finally, the perfect summation of and commentary to the careers of both Karloff and Hitchcock, although not a horror film in the purist sense, Bogdanovich's *TARGETS*.

This is, I realized, a simplistic approach, but maybe it gives some idea of the place I think that *TARGETS* deserves in the pantheon of Karloff (and horror) films. It is Karloff speaking to us (through Bogdanovich) of himself, his films, his genre, and their relationship to the real world. That that statement is a mature one cannot but lend to Karloff's already high stature in the world of his fans. The film is his legacy. That his death must lend it force is a sad fact, but an unarguable one.

— Dan Bates —

Each one of the above speaks for itself. One sequence overtakes the other until the film's denouement has been reached in all of its appalling, chilling reality. *TARGETS* stands as a very fine film and one of Karloff's best jobs.



*Being not only a review but the unveiling of a potentially new branch of filmmaking. As a basis for much of the film business' bread & butter in the old days, there once was a huge yearly stable of Westerns (or coaters as Variety says it), Easterns (i.e. gangsters, molls, etc.), Northerns, Southerners etc., not overlooking scores of other regional, ethnic and vocational sub-divisions. Now, stand all ye doubters and behold:*

## The Spacer!!!

MAROONED is so disjointed and uneven in quality that it would be easy to believe more than one or two directors had their hands in the stew. As is and on superficial examination, MAR is erratic on a wholesale basis; when it is good, though, it's very, very good, but when it's bad... well, you know the rest.

Which makes an interesting case-in-point:

Consider the possibilities! (as the publicity puffs for Columbia's overrated junk put it re: "Boob & Churl & Toad & Malice"); yes, consider them and the alternatives: Like seeing dull sexy bedroom scenes hour after hour; or going back to see ILLUSTRATED MAN for the 2nd round to catch the sexual significance hurled between Drives, Bloom and Steiger—this all makes for profound SFantasy film experience—especially since Bradbury never wrote it in his wonderful original stories. And the other possibilities? Like seeing a modern sexified version of Ingrid Bergman (looking like all of 28 years in the ads) in a silly sex romp, CACTUS FLOWER—and if that didn't grab you, consider the incredibility: Goldie Yawn winning an Oscar....! By contrast to a lot of screen product ground out for the last 24 months, MAR is indeed a classic, major flaws and all.

Yet flawed MAR is; and it needn't have been with slightly more care.

The real stars of the Spacer are Richard Crenna, Gene Hackman and James Franciscus, no matter what publicity claimed—Gregory Peck and David Janssen are outstanding, but mostly in a subordinate sense. For those who've yet to get completely unglued from the boob-toob, it may be one of the great reliefs of the decade to learn that Crenna has lost the TV teenager-quasi idiot quality that seemed once a part of him, and in MAR he looks very good.

The heart of the film is that Crenna, Hackman and Franciscus are trapped in their ship which developed retrocontrol trouble on their return back after 5 months space-station work on Ironman One. Stranded hundreds of miles "out there," they have only enough oxygen for a few days; and no one (not even in the White House, Pentagon, CIA, FBI or IND-IRT-BMT) has the answer. At wit's end, NASA's in the cold, cold ground back on earth and is also trying to think of an answer (like, how do they come on back to earth once you send them out?), then suddenly comes up with a brilliant deduction.

You may take spacemen out of the country, but—you can't always bring spacemen to their country.

Suspense mounts as the oxygen supply gets lower, and much of the two-way reception via TV between the "nauts and NASA's add to realism and tension, as the "nauts start telling Space Hdq's to go to hell for getting them in such a situation in the first place; such outbursts are attributed to the "nauts state of nerves, however.

Then they consider the fact that a rescue can be effected via use of a new manually operated

A FRANKOVICH-STURGES PRODUCTION  
**GREGORY PECK**  
 RICHARD and DAVID  
**CRENNA • JANSSEN**  
 as Ted Deaghtery  
**JAMES GENE**  
**FRANCISCUS • HACKMAN**

**"MAROONED"**

**"One of the must-see films of the year!"**  
 —PEK FELD

**3 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS**  
 BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY  
 BEST SOUND  
 BEST VISUAL EFFECTS

Perfection® Eastmancolor  
 co-starring **LEE GRANT • NANCY KOVACK • MARIETTE HARTLEY**  
 Screenplay by MAYO SIMON • Based on the novel by MARTIN CAIDIN  
 Produced by M. I. FRANKOVICH • Directed by JOHN STURGES • From Columbia Pictures



spacecraft (resembling something strictly from SF) that's still in the experimental stages but, for all technical purposes, totally operable. But who will run it with proper expertise? Meanwhile, back out in space, Heckman starts going psycho under all the strain—the nuttier he gets, the less air is left. Time marches on—less air now. Then the crucial moment arrives: Someone must be sacrificed so enough air remains for the rest to survive.

If, then, one of the three must die, who'll it be and how will it happen? Can NASA put a man into an as yet untried rocketship, send him up into space and hope for success? Can the Space Center also cope with a monstrous hurricane that threatens to stall all rescue plans, virtually sealing the spacemen's doom?

Locked between the horns of all these and other dilemmas, colorful action and suspense

heighten in force and quality as MAROONED passes on beyond the halfway point leaving a trail of miscellaneous flaws in the slipstream. By suspending an overly critical disposition (and reserving it for things that need it, particularly for the TV industry), MAR' emerges most satisfactorily, if a trifle scarred. Not a classic by any means, it's still well made and entertaining .... and recommended.

—Calvin T. Beck—

# EDGAR ALLAN POE's Classic Tale of the LIVING DEAD!



## THE OBLONG BOX

Vincent PRICE  
Christopher LEE

IN COLOR BY SURETY PRIME  
PRODUCED AND WRITTEN BY  
GORDON HESSLER - LAWRENCE HUNTINGDON  
DIRECTED BY  
CHRISTOPHER WYCKING - EDGAR ALLAN POE  
AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PRESENTATION

Mainly because England has created some of the finest films, has the acting and technical talent to prove it and has brought out in the last fourteen years a higher grade of SFantasy flicks than any other country, AIP some time ago decided that since for the goose is also okay for the gander. Unfortunately, things don't always quite work out that way. Especially when you don't always have a Roger Corman to lean on but must depend upon the dubious talents of a Daniel Haller (who really did everything to ruin DIE, MONSTER DIE) or on producer-director Gordon Hessler who was responsible for everything you care to say against THE OBLONG BOX.

For all the bountiful advantages of talent and rich mood that Britain offers, BOX could as easily have been shot on some H'wood lot; and all of the American quick-buck touches and shoddy exploitation look of the grand house is there. I say "American," not wishing to disparage some of our own great home grown product, since, after all, Orson Welles, John Ford and Roger Corman are our boys; and we have come up with some of the greatest product the world's ever known, if you care to go back to D.W. Griffith, for example. But as a country, we also have probably the biggest junk pile in the world, too. And when we have to export it back to our shores and the rest of the world, after hoping that a change of surroundings and climate would prove beneficial, it becomes dismaying to the 10th degree!

What is amazing, often amusing but in the long run wearying about BOX is producer-director Hessler's unspeakable reliance on one of filmmaking's lowest devices for boxoffice gain. The whole schtick and main crutch is, of course, very rich color and:

Blond!!! Lots of it; loads of it, oozing, spurtling, gushing out of everyone on the set they could point a siletto at. And it comes in insidiously, first by the glassfull, then in puddles, in streams and by the barrel.

You see, it can all be blamed on this kid brother whom Vincent Price has kept locked up for years somewhere in the family chateau. The real curse, the truly diabolical reason why Price keeps his weird, eerie, creepy and even famous monster brother under strong lock and key, chained to a wall, is actually because: Brother is nuts, even dangerous with a sharp toothpick in his hand. Then—peace seems to arrive; no longer does Price have to carry a load anymore, for his brother seems to have died. Prematurely, however, much to the surprise of bodysnatchers who save the lunatic from a grave death by suffocation. No sooner out of the coffin than he's back in business with his knife (and also responsible for probably the shortest screen appearance Chris Lee's had in over 12 years). As the bodies start piling up, it becomes about impossible and also bad for one's appetite to keep count. Five, six, ten or a hundred—by the fifth or sixth corpse, who knows, who cares. It's all done without any sense of art, timing and... I was about to say intelligence—but I am beginning to suspect that Gordon Hessler is Bert I. Gordon's doppelganger. As we were saying: a modicum of sensitivity, some respect for at least a few members of the movie-going world... ANYTHING showing the slightest degree of interest in creative filmmaking would have been of tremendous help. Not even a little colorful fog, against the distant strains of a concertina being played by a passing character (as in THE LODGER) or anything denoting a hint of character development.

Anyway, the reason why Price's brother is in such a bad way (he also goes around constantly wearing a mask) is that it all goes back to the good old days when they both did business in slave-running in Africa. There Price's brother is hexed by the natives who became restless one night—this results in his face transfiguring into a loathsome mess.

However—SURPRISE! The African tribe goofed; they hexed the wrong man, which you do not learn until the last ten or fifteen minutes. Not that it really matters, for by this time nothing really works to sustain any interest in the so-called "plot." Constant motivationless violence militates against even the barest residue of plot development. Like the man who's punched in the face in the concert hall while trying to listen to a symphony.

Established now that Price and not his brother should have been carrying the curse, the brother's sanguine activities come to, filmically, a long overdue finale. Now armed to all of his capped teeth with a double barreled shotgun, Price tracks down his brother and lets him have it with both barrels. Dying in a pool of blood more extensive than any of the gore that poured heretofore, he extends a blood-smeared hand up to Vincent as if asking forgiveness, or it could even be a request for a final handout (especially considering he was a great goer to goet shysman). Price no sooner reciprocates by also extending his hand than the bloody dying blooder grabs Vince's hand, giving it a nasty, vicious bite with his rotten, blood-stained teeth (that look so deteriorated that they seem to chip off while he's biting)—this is done with the intent of infecting Price and passing on the curse. A notable example of blighting the hand that bleeds you.

In a parting shot, the dying brother is now completely surrounded by blood everywhere, as not only does he wallow in it but it seems to come out of his mouth, ears, nose and back pores of "Voodoo Schlock Tales." (You can't actually see the copes though because he's wearing them in his bloody boots for elevators.)

In the final touching wrap-up, Price's fiance searches for him around the chateau and locates Vince in his dead brother's room. She queries: "What are you doing in Edward's room?"

And for a long, beautifully photographed and sustained moment, Price stands in profile and slowly turns saying, "You're wrong; it's now my room!" Now fully turned, Price reveals the festering, deteriorating left side of his face, already resembling his brother's. This, of course, carries the film's profound and moral message to its scintillating conclusion (Ingmar Bergman, are you there? This profound, great message being: Crime doesn't pay, but here kshnas does).

— Calvin T. Beck —







OBLONG BOX'S complete metaphysical potential was grossly overlooked, regretfully; like getting script and screen writing credits backed up by the names of Jean-Paul Sartre, Franz Kafka and, for added existential ambience, H.P. Lovecraft and Mickey Spillane. . . names that really would have had boxoffice appeal throughout the world. And also neglected was the possibility of splicing in animated images of Einstein, Schweitzer, Poe and Bertrand Russell riding through the universe in a light show to meet a galactic-sized fetus to the strains of "The Purple People Eater."



# SMASH GORDON

BY  
FRANK  
REVNING

DEEP IN SPACE, SMASH AND COMPANY RETURN FROM ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF TYRANNY!!





# THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS —: BRUNNER

Not without reason has youthful Frank Brunner earned the soubriquet of "The New Frank Frazetta." Even their first names are identical, and destiny seems to beckon. Below is an idea the artist had for a possible "STAR TREK" strip, while above is a science-fantasy concept. On the next page is one of Brunner's favorite "personal" works as represented by the large pencil & ink panel.

## THE RETURN OF THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS

Otherwise referred to at certain fashionable cocktail parties and Grass-lins as:  
SON OF THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS

Hi, there gang, way out in radio land. This is your old pal, Ed Blackwith, whom you last met while visiting a self-made "legend in his own time" while tripping out in Sterankoland back in CoF no.11.

Ah, yes, my little chidees—it's good old Behind-The-Scenes time again in the world of dining-in, paint brushes, pencil sharpeners and split fingernails. Once more, a trip into the land of suave, debonaire guys who are forced to knock out so much of the stuff we've gotten to loathe and detest beneath the planet of the apes... beneath the Comics Code (y'know—the ol' saying around comics circles, when creative people feel sick and droopy, is they've got a bad code in the head).

Except... there's now a bright, great new breed of venturesome, pioneering young men who put ideals and art above crass materialism and working for establishment mags just for money... well, anyway, working for certain establishment mags. These are imaginative young guys who, generally, began before they were old enough to vote, expressing their talents on "underground" papers and mags, displaying razor-sharp imagination and talents that, despite youth, have ranged from dynamic to ingenious.

Starting out very much this way some years ago, gaining his fundamental experience and best "breaks" in non-establishment and in underground papers is none other than our own and personal CoF discovery, Frank Brunner (any CoF addict will remember his contributions in previous CoF's, i.e. Smash Gordon, the fine Carnak 2-part, and the newest Smash Gordon this issue).

In an effort to learn about CoF's inscrutable but talented "find" and learn more about the "real" Frank Brunner, I decided one sunny afternoon to run up to ORSEMARY'S BABY territory—the area better known as N.Y.'s Museum of Natural History (also near Larry Ivie land, Berni Wrightson and Mike Koluts and Jeff Jones). Sequestered right by Central Park West, Frank has confessed he loves the park view because he can observe nature and grass. This we believed when he opened the door to his baroque abode. As he greeted us he was pulling a small cart bearing an immense hookah whose colorful flexible tubing terminated between the clenched but happy teeth of

STAR  
TREK





Above: Frank Brunner as he looked most recently playing in the smash hit, THE FRANK BRUNNER STORY.



the smoking Brunner. Meanwhile, two different four-track stereo tapes were simultaneously playing "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Puff The Magic Dragon".

Frank explained the melodious cacophony with, "Man, I dig mixed media" And he invited me to sit down and stare with him at a bright strobe light through an area of his quarters with walls plastered by posters of Frodo, Dylan, Beatles ad infinitum, including a rare one of The One and only Calvin Thos. Beck. Almost losing him for a moment in the greenish and gray scented haze from burning incense and the overworked hookah, he said, "Over here, Ed: I'm over here." And it was good to hear a friendly, familiar voice during that moment when I panicked and thought I was lost.

Seated comfortably at last, Frank went nostalgic and reminisced about how he graduated Manhattan's School of Art and Design, proceeding later to NYC's Academy of Visual Arts. He expressed his fervent, burning desire in his yearning to see a return of the sort of graphics quality that all but disappeared with the death of the old EC comics. While admitting inspiration to a large extent from Frazetta and Williamson, Frank's conceptions and style are, admitted too, entirely his own.

He says the mistake most young artists make is starting off to mimic personal favorites much like a child on training wheels; but they never try abandoning the training wheels, thus never developing latent talents. Consequently, only a handful of young men emerge with that necessary spark of individuality (and talent) that can make them outstanding.

"But there are a lot more talented young people around than ever before, and this is a great consolation, boding well for the future," Frank concluded.

After working for a while for Marvel, learning more of the intricacies of production, coloring and inking, Frank decided to explore the world of painting. The results — the cover of this issue of CoF — speak for themselves.

"I'll continue working heavily in the area of SF fantasy and horror; this has been mainly responsible for much of my inspiration . . . and this is where the action is."

His credit score-card, to date, has been pretty good. Work for many issues on the outstanding hip paper, CHANGES, carrying a large strip of his; WEB OF HORROR; the Marvel group; various quasi "underground" mags and papers; CoF, and most recently, SPA FON, I'LL BE DAMNED and THIS IS LEGEND.

And of his future? It looks simply great from this vantage point. Believe me,

— Ed Blackwith —

# HEADLINES

Although more than eighteen months have passed (as of this writing) since our beloved Boris Karloff died, the pain lingers on, the love is ever strong, and the memory seems to burn even brighter of what he was, how he looked, what he did.

For some strange reason, some half dozen films he appeared in and finished in his last spurt of creative activity yet have to be released.

And incredible as it may seem, there are still at least two (2!) films in which Lugosi worked in his last days that never have seen any form of exploitation; and I can personally account for the whereabouts of one of them.

\*\*\* \*\*

## FRANKENSTEIN AFTER DARK:

Re: Pot....The anti-pot people seem to be losing ground rapidly as more prominent people (senators, congressmen, governors, etc.) are militating against present outmoded and, indeed, inhuman laws hovering over the popular weed.

But, now... certain scientific circles are rumbling in their laboratories with anything and everything from strong rumors to concrete proof relating to the harmlessness of the groovy grass. Yet, one scientific body has gone yet further:

Coming from the Army Chemical Corps Medical Research Laboratory located in the Edgewood, Md. arsenal no less (you couldn't get more "establishment" than that if your name was Spiro Agnew). This staid and august body revealed that positive lab' findings giving marijuana a very good bill of health were available more than ten (10!) years ago, but for rather obvious reasons have remained suppressed. What the "findings" boil down to is:

Not only it appears that pot's good for one's health, but it may be an important new drug in curing one of the world's number one killers, high blood pressure! The potentialities are at this time so tremendous

that it boggles the mind: An end or diminution of high blood pressure might mean the advent of a cure for senility, of old age! For, science knows that there's a significant relationship between cardio-vascular & various arterial diseases. This news appeared Feb' 11, 1970. Perhaps the uptight square world can put this in its pipe, smoke it and some day like it.

## Deja Vu Inc. Dept.:

Those spoken words that often sound so well said, dramatic and meaningful to one's ear—ah, how they linger, and how wonderful do they make each filmic setting seem. Like, dig the following:

"I am not a sponge; I am a man!" (Said by Fredric March to Spencer Tracy in *INHERIT THE WIND*.)

"I am not a number; I am a man!" (Familiar to all watchers of *THE PRISONER*.)

"I am not a horse; I am a man!" (Richard Harris telling it like it is in, *A MAN CALLED HORSE*.)

"I am not a Negro; I am a man!" (Courtesy of the inimitable & unique Godfrey Cambridge in, *THE WATERMELON MAN*.)

\*\*\* \*\*

## FRANKENSTEIN AFTER DARK IS, LIKE, AT LARGE (Dig?)

No respect for beauty and traditional landmarks, groovy architecture which transports you on wings of all kinds of fantasy, man, 'cause all you do is take one look at the moulding, gingerbread and real hearty workmanship on older bldgs, and:

Gee, dammitall—they're gradually knocking it all down and taking it away. And the modern soulless glass-aluminum garbage that has no heart, beauty nor design, stinks to high heaven; and you suddenly become more aware how so much of everything in "modern" society is trying to disenfranchise, to alienate man from "belonging."

About the worst example of this uprooting of man from his environment is evident in the way so many of the entire country's great movie houses are being demolished or in danger. For some unnameable reason, theatres have always been the whole heart, soul, life of a community—cut one down, and part of the town seems to die.

Last year, when they tore down the old majestic Loew's Sheridan in NYC's Greenwich Village, the action was merciless and beyond belief.

The decimation of the Sheridan now leaves Manhattan devoid of any movie "palace" style accommodation on the lower West Side (or West Village). Over about a mile away to the East there's the Academy of Music, of course; and several miles further down in the Lower East Side still stands the commodious but now thoroughly seedy Loew's Delancy.

On 2nd Avenue & St. Mark's (heart of what is left of the "East Village"), the St. Mark's Theater folded late in 1969 after more than 50 years of business, and for nearly all that time under the management of one man—its dedicated owner, Mr. Wallach. And his billing policy was great; the show usually changed three times weekly, and most of the material was top quality: For, if you missed *OUR MAN FLINT* and *BARBARILLA* at its expensive \$3.50/\$4.00 first run opening, chances were even you'd see them double-billed .... for only seventy-five cents (75¢) at night (\$5.40 or 60¢ earlier in the day!). True—the theatre didn't keep up to date, had an antiquated "air cooling" system that could have been installed by Edison in his younger days; and there were even stories, even evidence of a friendly roach—perhaps Archy's kin—cursing off spare popcorn or watching the movies somewhere in the audience—but these are hardly points that can deter stalwart revival buffs and fools (friends of old films). But all this is over now, and mere prologue.... but to what?

Another great revival house but the dust late by when the old Bleeker St. Cinema was taken over by Grove Press. The world by now knows how Grove made a bundle from pseudo-nowy sex books, a dull and pretentious mag titled *Evergreen Review* and, finally a fortune in the

# Psyche it to me!

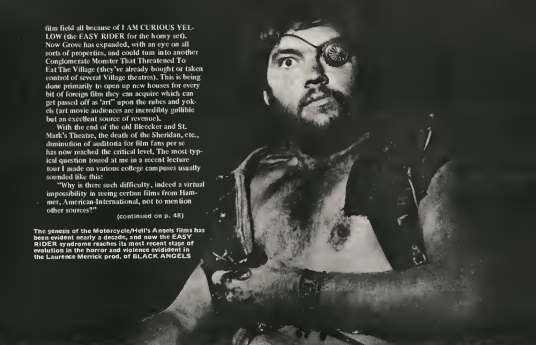
film field all because of I AM CURIOUS YEL-  
LOW (the EASY RIDER for the home set).  
Now Grove has expanded, with an eye on all  
sorts of properties, and could turn into another  
Conglomerate Monster That Threatened To  
Eat The Village (they've already bought or taken  
control of several Village theatres). This is being  
done primarily to open up new houses for every  
bit of foreign film they can acquire which can  
get passed off as "art" upon the rubes and yokels  
(art movie audiences are incredibly gullible  
but an excellent source of revenue).

With the end of the old Bleecker and St.  
Mark's Theatre, the death of the Sheridan, etc.,  
diminution of auditoria for film fans per se  
has now reached the critical level. The most typ-  
ical question tossed at me in a recent lecture  
tour I made on various college campuses usually  
sounded like this:

"Why is there such difficulty, indeed a virtual  
impossibility in seeing certain films from Ham-  
mer, American-International, not to mention  
other sources?"

(continued on p. 48)

The genesis of the Motorcycle/Hell's Angels films has  
been evident nearly a decade, and now the EASY  
RIDER syndrome reaches its most recent stage of  
evolution in the horror and violence evident in  
the Laurence Merrick prod. of BLACK ANGELS



# FRANKENSTEIN CHAMBER OF HORRORS



## FRANKENSTEIN RUBBER MASK

Performance-type rubber mask, looks exactly like the monster's famous expression. The spitting image of Boris Frankenstein's movie creation. Retail \$2.50 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling).



## GLO FANGS 2

Not only do these shiny plastic teeth give you that Dracula look, they also glow in the dark, terribly useful to night and day! In fact, make yourself the best of the best as they'll all stop to say, "Fangs For the Memory!" 1.95, plus 15¢ for postage and handling.



## INSTANT LIFE

A most unusual item which consists of the following: a package of seeds, which when immersed in water and subject to light will actually produce a live miniature Sea Horse in a few days. A really fascinating experiment for the young and old alike.

## LUMINOUS PAINT



Make your own ghosts and ghouls! They glow in the dark with an eerie light when you apply this substance. Comes in self-contained bottles. Handles, easy to apply with any brush. \$1.70, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## INFLATABLE COIL SNAKE

Light! This beautiful green and black monster inflates in a disarming way not to be thought, wraps around you, and can be used to bewitch friends, foes, family, etc., or as a terrifically faster when you go swimming. \$2.55, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

## THIRD EYE

Press it on to the forehead. It will stick — it's realistic, too. Drive friends and relatives nuts. Tell your eye doctor you need "special" glasses and drive like nuts. Drive everybody nuts! ... For only 75¢, plus 25¢ for handling-postage.



## 6



## CRAZY DAGGER

Looks like it's gone through your skull! Amazing, harmless but a terrific illusion masterpiece! Coast Dyes has said it holds a lot of prestige at Museums given by Dr. Spauld, Prof. Zombis and Coast Dyes. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

## BRAVE GHOULS

Hilarious photo-reception book!  
\$1.25 (plus 25¢ for handling and postage)



## 8

Sticky black little creature, just like Coast Dyes and is called! Recommended also by his friend, Coast Dyes! Clings to wall or window, or can be carried in your pocket and shown at night moment. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## RUBBER BAT

## 10

Send black pieces of paper to your friends, which have SECRET MESSAGES that can be seen only by those showing the secrets of a Secret Writing Ink. VISIBLE INK! 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## INVISIBLE INK

## X-RAY VISION!

Remember Ray Milland in X-RAY THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES? Now you can see through fingers, skin — lead — in yourself! Winnie the Pooh! Look for yourself! No alcohol! No. 100% Pure! Permanent Focus! \$6.01, plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Or send \$2 for deluxe model.



## 11



## SCARFACE

Realistic photo set in give you a properly gruesome appearance. Buy to spite and scare. Become your head Chapter Leader of the Scar of the Month Club. Look like a full-fledged Hollywood star! 85¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

## 12

## SNAKE TWIST

This ugly little monster can be twisted and turned into various positions and shapes. Made of rubber with a wire core. Looks terribly real! 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## 13

Heavily realistic! Look as if you jumped into Jack the Ripper. Look as if Jack the Ripper jumped into you. Look as if — well, you get the idea; it's pretty obvious, all right! The dark, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## 14



## SPIDER RING

## 15

This amazing-looking black tarantula ring sets your fingers. You make his movements as he apparently walks his legs and captures his victims here. By the way, this is the same spider recommended by the Black Widow and Ugly Aunt Society. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

## 16

## HYPO-PHONY

Perfect for playing the Mad Doctor, this hypodermic needle is big and official looking. Fills with simulated blood, complete again! \$1.50, plus 25¢ for postage.



## BLOODY MESS

Fastest-selling genuine replica of the South American Indian trophy. Hang it on your wall, wear it under someone's nose. Battle it, please it or use it to bewitch. \$1.50, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



Please send me the following items whose numbers are circled below

- 1 2 3 4  
5 6 7 8  
9 10 11 12  
13 14 15 16 17

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in cash, (check), (money order)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# LATEST FILM NEWS



## FUTURE FANTASY FILMS

Philip B. Mosheovitz, editor

George Pal, the special effects and miniatures master, will produce and direct H.G. Wells' **WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES** for A.I.P. This often delayed project is finally going into production. AIP is also planning remakes of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, **DANTE'S INFERNO** and Poe's **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**. One wonders if the finished films can come close to the original classics.... AIP's **DEVILDAY**, based on the Angus Hall novel, will star Vincent Price.

Arthur P. Jacobs has found financial success in films of the future and will continue on this course. Producing the **PLANET OF THE APES** series, Jacobs is planning **JOURNEY OF THE OCEANAUTS AND KYLE**. The latter occurs in the year 2026 and concerns a detective solving crimes with a computer. It will be shot this September at Montreal's Expo in the British and French pavilions. If in the meantime you missed **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**, you'll be able to view it with the original **APES** flick when they're reissued together in March, 1971.

Universal will sell Michael Crichton's **ANDROMEDA STRAIN** basically on the strength of the story rather than the cast. Robert Wise has lined up for lead roles Arthur Hill, David Wayne and James Olson. Shooting started last March in Shafter and Marfa, Texas....**PUNFSTUF** based on



**DEATH COMES YOUR WAY** (at the top) courtesy of roving reporter and field editor, Count Victor Visco. Rumor has it this flick hasn't been released as yet—but it's due to escape. Interesting makeup is evident—it's also evident that the vampire type reaching for the old man is trying to be the Groucho of the *Dracula* set. Below: a rare shot from *M. Farry*, the elusive, who in turn got it from Bottoni Mazio of Rome, tentatively titled **IL PROGRESSO DELLA VAMPIRO**, and starring Sophia Tortollanza and, in bed, Goombahleeno Batchahgaioop.



As is the case with much British TV product, quality is often the rule, not the exceptional bit of fare as with American programming. This was proven in a lauded, thorough production of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**. . . In seven (7) parts no less! Peter Woodthorpe starred in the role (top photo) of the famous misanthrope, Quasimodo, who turns out to be far less abnormal than his environment—but isn't that generally always the case? Bottom: Not from "2001" but from NBC-TV's recent look into the origin of man, **THE MAN HUNT**. ERS. Interesting note: No makeup was necessary; it's the NBC v.p. who cancelled **STAR TREK**!

the TV show, is also due from Universal with Jack Wild, Agnes Moorehead and Cass Elliot, "Making her own kind of music."

.... After undergoing a number of title changes (including **COLOSSUS 1980**), the film about computers taking over the world will be released as **THE FARBIN PROJECT**. MGM's **DARK SHADOWS** ended its shooting schedule late spring at the Lyndhurst Mansion in Tarrytown, N.Y. and up for release around early fall. Based on TV's screaming soap, Jonathan Frid, Joan Bennett and the entire ABC-TV cast will come out of the shadows for the film. Amazingly, Frid fanciers have kept the show rolling for five years. . . . MGM's also skedded an untitled film about a man who invents wings to fly and is finally shot down in the Houston Astro dome. Filming was just completed in Texas.

Watch for Fred Brown's **MIND THING**, a supernatural tale of a scientist-psychic, produced by Ivan Tors .... **THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT** is about a maniac's head which is transplanted on another victim, and, as they say, he terrorizes and pillages the countryside (because he wouldn't be too outstanding in the cityside?). It stars Herbert Lom and Richard Todd and based on Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

**MAROONED** wasn't stranded at the Academy Awards. Raquel Welch presented producers Frankovich-Sturges an Oscar for best spec fx. .... Ed Begley, the versatile character actor, died at the age of 69. Recently seen in **DUNWICH HORROR**, he was in many films such as Rod Serling's **PATTERNS** and the Texas computer tycoon in **BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN**. He also had the title role in the radio series of **THE ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE CHAN**.

Asimov, Castle and Disney are names to watch for in quality fright and fantasy films. John Mantley, producer of **GUN-SMOKE**, is planning a series of films based on Asimov's books. The film right to **I ROBOT** and **THE REST OF THE ROBOTS** have been acquired. A TV series is also planned. Wm. Castle could very well have another macabre money-maker in Arch Oboler's first novel, **HOUSE ON FIRE**. Set in Los Angeles, it deals with family secrets and the frightening possibility of evil reaching from the grave. Oboler has been working on it for the past decade. As with **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, Dell has the paperback rights.

Two future Disney productions focus on SFantasy: **BEDKNOB & BROOMSTICK** is a near-seven million dollar musical consisting of live action, cartoon animation and spec fx in the **MARY POPPINS** tradition. Based on Mary Norton's "Magic Doorknob".

A young lady is studying witchcraft in London during World War II. Perfecting her techniques, she tries her magic on the Germans. Starring Ron "Fagin" Moody of **OLIVER** fame, the female lead will probably be Angela Lansbury, but Lynn Redgrave and Judy Carne are also being con-





Enjoying wider popularity than ever before, **FANTASIA** is approaching thirty-one years of age (actually released in 1941, but had been started years earlier as the late Walt Disney's "dream" project and ideal). Posing for the part of the Devil was none other than Bela Lugosi; Disney said he had always felt that Bela's unusual Slavic cast and manner in which his entire face transfigured itself seemed "quite Satanic....Sometimes I think he was touched by the Devil himself when I see him up on the screen!"



This is a very rare shot of Lon Chaney Jr. as Larry Talbot, *THE WOLF MAN*. Proof of its rarity is evident owing to numerous *POOPS* (friends of old film) and flick buffs who recognized the prop tree as the one used once in *RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE*. Also recognized is that Chaney isn't standing tip-toe to look taller but readying for his werewolf "Tip-Toe Grue The Two Lips" number. Any moment it'll be coffee-break time, and time out for LonCh! .....

sidered. Featuring the original POPPINS prod' staff, this is the Disney Co.'s costliest film & slated for possible '71 Xmas release. .... Disney's also preparing *THE LOST ONES*, a 6 million buck epic in the Jules Verne tradition of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." Three professional adventurers stumble upon a volcanic island in the arctic circle which is inhabited by fierce Nordic giants.

Meanwhile, the major studios have an interesting assortment for forthcoming release:

#### ALLIED ARTISTS:

**INVASION OF THE BODY STEALERS** with Geo. Sanders and Maurice "Zaius" Evans. Allied is back in production after a number of dormant years. **STEALERS** should not be confused with the Don Siegel classic **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**.

#### AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL:

**DUNWICH** is evidently better than AIP anticipated. It stars: Dean Stockwell, Ed Begley, Sam Jaffe and Lloyd Bochner. Also supposed to be the debut of Sandra Dee as a "mature" actress! Why not???? **SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN**, an Amicus coproduction with Vincent Price, Christopher Lee and a cameo appearance of Peter Cushing....Curtis Harrington (who did the memorable *GAMES AND NIGHT TIDE*) will direct *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*, based on the gothic Emily Bronte novel.

#### AVCO EMBASSY:

**ALMOST MIDNIGHT** is the first of 3 novels to be produced by Irwin Allen. Four atom bombs are stolen from the U.S. arsenal and the nation's leaders are threatened. ....In **NO MAN'S WORLD**: A group of Americans land on the Moon and discover Russian astronauts....**THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE** depicts the sinking of an ocean liner.

#### COLUMBIA:

**MAROONED** wouldn't have done well at the boxoffice if not for the fact that our own real-life astronauts, in the US's last moon shot, had a brush with death themselves when they really almost became marooned. Consequently, MAR' from Columbia went into a profitable re-release. .... The original title of the currently released **THE WATERMELON MAN** was "The Night The Sun Came Out On Happy Hollow." Godfrey Cambridge plays a white establishment square type who, one morning, wakes up to find he's turned into a negro. It's also the first time any black man has played a caucasian, and Columbia is the only studio that had the guts to do it.

#### METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER:

The top brass of this film factory seem to have had their fill of SFantasy (partially due to an economy squeeze perhaps: MGM's been in serious financial trouble recently)—they'll be content to reissue 2001 until the year 2001....**BUCK ROGERS** has been permanently shelved, though another company may pick it up....While



Re-made numerous times for the screen, television and often re-adapted time and again during radio's heyday drama days, **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** (1932) was produced by Merian C. Cooper and directed by Ernest Schoedack (co-directed by Irving Pichel, who stars as a crew cohort of Gloria Holden in **ORACULOUS DAUGHTER**; Pichel went on to direct **DESTINATION MOON** for Geo.Pal. Regarding his success, a wisacre once quipped, "Irving's rolling in dough making *Motion Pictoris*."). . . This was the same team that made **KING KONG**, released the following year. Holding bow in hand is **GAME**'s star, Leslie Banks, aided by a nefarious band, including Noble Johnson, supporting heavy of dozens of films, including his Nubian in **THE MUMMY**, the Island Chief in **KONG** and the Zombie in **THE GHOST BREAKERS**.

house cleaning, MGM also gave the axe to Geo.Pal's **LOGAN'S RUN**. . . Pal is of course now involved with AIP.

#### 20th CENTURY-FOX:

Oscar Winning makeup maestro, John Chambers, who created the gruesome mutant and apes makeup for **BENEATH PLANET OF APES**, etc., is also working on **TELL ME YOU LOVE ME JUNIE MOON** for Otto Preminger. He's disfiguring Liza Minnelli's face and hand with acid burns. About 3 handicapped people who decide to live together....And **THE MEPHISTO WALTZ** (supernatural).

#### UNITED ARTISTS:

**DAY OF THE DOLPHIN** is based on the novel by Robert Merle. Patrols of dolphins, using their natural radar, detect nuclear submarines and destroy them by planting bombs and mines near them. The N.Y. Times described the book as a "skillful blend of reality and fantasy. When you

finish it, you may well find that your imagination has been stretched in new and surprising directions." Roman Polanski is supposed to direct, but since wife Sharon Tate's death no Polanski plans are too certain.... The Salt & Pepper sequel, **ONE MORE TIME**, has Peter Cushing and Chris Lee in cameo performances.

#### UNIVERSAL:

If Robt. Wise in the soon-to-be-released (or maybe already out) **ANDROMEDA STRAIN** has stayed close to the book, it's going to be one helluva film. An American satellite returns to earth with a deadly unknown bacteria. About the book, the NY Times said, "...A reading windfall—compelling, memorable, superbly executed. Crichton's narrative line is so strong, and his resources for sustaining it are so abundant, that **ANDROMEDA STRAIN** can't miss popular success. It's a sure best seller.".... Recently released **JOURNEY**

**TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN** was originally Döppleganger.

#### WARNER BROTHERS:

**CLAW.....CREATURE THE WORLD FORGOT** (Hammer)....Hammer will also produce for Warner **CRESCENDO** with Stefanie Powers: Weird efforts of a woman to preserve the musical talents of her dead husband... **DISASTER IN SPACE** and **DAY THE EARTH CRACKED OPEN**, plus **IN THE SUN** are on Hammers drawing boards. Their **MOON ZERO TWO** meanwhile is considered their costliest film, budgeted at one and a half million \$\$. .... Donald Pleasance recently cast in **THX-1138** recently finished in San Francisco.... Herman Konga Cohen's **TROG** will be Joan Crawford's 84th film, co-starring Michael Gough: About a prehistoric monster discovered in an underground cave. Freddie Francis will direct and Cohen does a Hitchcock and Castle with a cameo....**WHEN**



Jean Marais of *BEAUTY & THE BEAST* fame, recently proved his penchant once more for outre films in the part of (above) Fantomas in the French prod. of *FANTOMAS AGAINST SCOTLAND YARD* (courtesy Lillette Camus of Unifrance Films). However, nothing came of the suggestion to use the above makeup & Marais in a 12-chapter serial, "Clay Face Vs. Dick Tracy."

**DINOSAURS RULED THE WORLD** features Victoria Vetri who had a minor part in *ROSEMARY'S BABY*.

#### From the INDEPENDENTS:

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND:** Musical based on Lewis Carroll's fantasy will be psychedelic and contemporary, with strong accent on social comment in approach.....**BLOOD SEEKERS** with J. Carrol Naish, Lon Chaney, Russ Tamblyn, Jim Davis.....**CARRY ON JUNGLE BOY** satirizing Tarzan.....**CURSE OF THE FULL MOON**.....**DR. JEKYLL & MR. BLOOD**.....**DOOR INTO SUMMER**, a Robt. Heinlein novel....

What may yet be the greatest version of *DRACULA* was just finished, starring

Chris Lee (who else?) in his original role, with: Vincent Price as Dr. Van Helsing!! Released by Pentagram, it'll be closer to the original Bram Stoker novel than any of the other versions.

**HERCULES IN NEW YORK** (doesn't Fun City have enough problems?)....Chris Lee is in the new prod. of **JULIUS CAESAR**....**MAGIC TOYSHOP**: A man creates life-sized theatrical puppets.....**MAN**: is about the first negro President.....**THE PEACE MAKERS** ....**PLANET OF THE DAMNED**....**PLANET OF THE RAPES** (sexploitation)....**RETURN TO THE HORRORS OF BLOOD ISLAND** is a sequel to **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND**. The sparsely clad native girls was the only thing

which saved this one....**SIXTH COLUMN**""Psychic Jean Dixon's life to be biofilmed.

The long awaited release of the one and only **METROPOLIS**, in its entirety for the first time, coming soon. Made in 1926 and running a total of nearly 2 hours, 50 minutes, it was rarely ever shown in Europe in complete form, and only an abridged version was distributed in the USA minus about an hour.

Musical version of **SCROOGE**, starring Albert Finney, Alec Guinness & Dame Edith Evans....AIP also busy with: **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**, starring Peter Cushing; **CRY OF THE BANSHEE**, with Vincent Price; **GAS!**, with Robt. Corff.

## TELEVISION NEWS:

To try and get the rest of all the news in, the balance of this column is in smaller type. We hope you don't mind. But if you have doubts (since varying type styles and sizes are scattered throughout this whole issue), it's important then that we hear about it, c/o: GHOSTAL MAIL, GDTCH CASTLE PUB' CO., 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., 10017.

Unless you're a stalwart Allen fan, TV fantasy in future will leave lots to be desired; and here's the sad news: **BEYOND THE MOON**, a CBS movie and possible TV pilot, a family situation comedy with a fantasy theme from Disney... **SIXTH SENSE** (CBS), an ESP seer by Allen, possibly with Sugar Ray Robinson... **MONTY PYTHON OUT OF SPACE** (Japanese)... **FRANKENSTEIN AND WUTHERING HEIGHTS** as a special by Dan Curtis (prod. of **DARK SHADOWS**)... **AN EVENING OF EDGAR ALLAN POE** is an upcoming hour special with Vincent Price dramatizing excerpts from Poe... **SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO** and **THE INNOCENTS** shed new TV debuts.

## MISCELLANEOUS SFantasy EVENTS, PEOPLE, PLACES & THINGS .....

**SF Fantasy Film Activity Takes Over THE MUSEUM** [of Modern Art, that is]..... Film fans didn't have to worry if they had no bread to turn on with pot last year. And if the results were as impressive as they seemed, it will become an annual occasion for The Museum of Modern Art to feature Science Fiction Film Festivals. For more than a two month period last year, 56 films were presented, including the American premiers of **OMICRON** (Italian), about a worker whose body is inhabited by a Martian. The films included **DESTINATION MOON**, **FLASH GORDON**, (complete serial, over 4 hrs), **THE TIME MACHINE**, **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE** (32), **INVISIBLE MAN**, **THE FLY**, **INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN**, **CRAZY RAY** (72), **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, **PLANET OF THE APES**, **THINGS TO COME**, **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**, and **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED** (to name only part of the entire program). The event concluded with 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Belatedly, the SFan Establishment finally has come to recognize the importance of the SFantasy film fan's existence. Films of the genre were shown five nights in a row, from midnight until dawn at the 27th World SF Convention movement in St. Louis last Labor Day weekend, '69. Beary eyed enthusiasts should thank Herb Carlson and Rich Wannen on the movie committee. Shown at the con were **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY**, **SPACE WHITE ZOMBIE** and **DRACULA**. **PRINCE OF DARKNESS**, just to name a few. 2001 won the Hugo as Best Film. The competition was **CHARLY**, **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, **YELLOW SUBMARINE**, and the "FALLOUT" episode from **THE PRISONER**.

Among the wild bunch of authors and fans who showed up, Bill Broesch was certainly presenting some promotion on his new publication, **The Best of Weird Science-Fantasy**, featuring Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta and Angelo Torres. It's now available, \$3 from Broesch, 14845 Anne St., Allen Park, Mich. 48101.

Fred Clark, publisher/editor of the very interesting and newsworthy **Cinefantastique** came a day late to the WorldCon. '54 well bring you info on Fred's mag plus his list of movie material for sale: 7470 Divisadero, Elmhurst Park, Ill. 60635.....When Ken Beale arrived from the Coast everybody wondered, "Who's that behind those Foster Grant sunglasses?".....Harry Wasserman at the con with his friend, Sarkeet Toomey, a foreign exchange student from California. CoF fans will want Harry's Fantasy News (35¢ to: 7611 N. Regent Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217). An in-depth history plus Index on CoF was recently published along with Cal Beck's views on the horror film mag scene. Many people were taken aback by Beck's comments.

Other SF-con action included the masquerade ball, the awards banquet and auctions. Someone bought an hour with Harlan Ellison for \$125. For the next World Con, we will all go to Heidelberg in Deutschland this Labor Day, and you will have fun- while doing- a-chung! ... Boston is the site for 1971's World Con. And Beantown will never be quite the same again, we can guarantee it.....

The 1969 Trieste International Science Fiction Film Festival awarded the Golden Asteroid trophy to **THE LAST MAN** (not to be confused with the **LOST MAN**). This French film concerns three survivors in an atomized world. Trieste competition also included **PROJECT X**, **ILLUSTRATED MAN**, the **OUTER LIMITS** production of Harlan Ellison's "Demon With a Glass Hand", **L'ACEPHALE** (4 hour French film) and **THE BODY STEALERS**. Also given was a Roger Corman retrospective.

## FILM POTPOURRI

The 1969 British Postcard Award went to **BARBARELLA**, the first film poster in the history of the awards to be cited.... Vincent PRICE was seen dining with Joan Crawford in London. Price later traded her a Sears-Roebuck painting for a case of Pepsi.... Ricou Browning, president of Ivan Tors Studios in Miami, was a stunt-



man in **CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**....Turhan BEY of Universal's Forties film **diavoli** is alive and well in his original birthplace, Vienna, minus his romantic dark locks....An exclusive interview with HARRY HAUSEN and Charles H. Schneer took place in a special lecture at The National Film Theatre in London....It appears that SFantasy is heading for Broadway. The producers of the smash hit **HAIR** will turn **FRANKENSTEIN** into a rock musical. Also in the works is a musical version of **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** entitled "L'ASIMMO-DO" backed by the producer of **OLIVER**. The show will not have any relation to the three movie versions but will be based on the book by Hugo. Jose Ferrer, Zero Mostel or Ron "Fagin" Moody....It's slated to open in New York next year....Sam "Wild Bunch" PECKINPAW was screenwriter on **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**....LEONARD NIMOY's latest venture is a pet store dubbed Pet Pad in San Fernando, Calif. His fans can join his Nimoy Fan Club at 122 W. Carolyne, Garland, Tex. 75040, it's a very worthwhile organization that also does good work for UNICEF....Roman Polanski refused to allow his **VAMPIRE KILLERS** to be screened at the Berlin Film Fest. The European version runs 20 minutes longer than the American, revealing the wife Sharon's face in the buff. If you couldn't make it to Europe, Playboy carried some scenes of the cut film. Unfortunately, following the slaughter of Sharon and her handsome jet-set friends, movie maggots and professional gossips everywhere are capitalizing on the killings by rereleasing **VAMPIRE KILLERS** in tandem with **ROSEMARY'S BABY**. In Germany the reruns were grossing more than the first time out, last time we heard....Oscar win-

ner **MIDNIGHT COWBOY** uses an s-f film as background in a NY 42nd St. theatre amidst some hazy-panky in the grindhouse....While working at Universal, Lon Chaney (Sr.) was refused a \$10 raise and stomped off the lot, vowing he'd never work there again. Years later, he was offered \$2,500 a week at the same studio, but held out for \$2,510 which he got, and went on to make **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**....

Hitchcock wanted realism in **PSYCHO** and rejected the idea of using a plastic body in the famous shower scene. The knifing was shot in slow motion, then speeded up, in order to conceal Janet Leigh's anatomy. In **THE BIRDS**, 3 different shots were used to reveal the man with the pecked out eyes. In case of cancer trouble, one scene shot would have eliminated the scene entirely. But **PSYCHO**'s shower scene was entirely eliminated almost when shown on the boob tube, even though **THE BIRDS** scene stayed intact....

If you're interested in learning how **FORBIDDEN PLANET** and **HOUSE OF WAX** were filmed, then **FRANK'S SFANTASY** magazine is your bag. This publication (printed on grade A glossy paper, of the kind used by National Geographic) also contains a report on the Trieste SF Film Festival, an interview with Mike Rippes (**FLESH EATERS** producer), plus many rare photos of Lugosi, Lorra and Karloff. Only \$1 from: 65 Bellingham Rd., Chastnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

Humer Dept.(7): Was the **MOLE PEOPLE** the first "underground" film?—Did **DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS** and **WOMAN EATER** have flower power??

After initial release, MGM edited a few scenes from **EYE OF THE DEVIL** (orig. title was "13") to avoid the impression that the character played by Donald Pleasance is an actual ordained priest of the Church rather than a defrocked practitioner of black magic. Cuts included the word "priest" along with a simulated high mass, and a cross which was originally seen atop the crucifixion. Interestingly, MGM knows nothing of the **BLACK CAT**, which had an upside down cross during a special Devil's mass, stars Karloff and made some 30 years before....Pleasance played a devil was also cut from **GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD**...."The Great Films" by Bosley Crowther contains a chapter on **KING KONG**. If you edit into Willis O'Brien and Marcel Delgado for their wonderful work in **LOST WORLD**, **KING KONG** and **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, a campaign is underway to get their names and **KONG**'s immortalized in brass on a Hollywood Blvd' star. (Hopefully not in front of an Orange Julius stand.) Write to Chamber of Commerce, Walk of Fame Dept., H'wood, Calif.

Karl Freund, photographer of Lang's **METROPOLIS**, director of **MAD LOVE**, etc., passed away last year, age 79....Also departed are Kathryn Minner, character actress in **BLACK BEARD'S GHOST**, and Frank Tuttle, set decorator for **MAROCED**.

**MACABRE MUSIC Dept.:**  
POE THROUGH THE GLASS PRISM (RCA LP) is a rock group. The Glass Prism, that set Poe's poems to music....THE ORIGINAL MUSIC FROM **DARK SHADOWS** (Philips LP)—musical score—from ABC's show with Jon Ford delivering occasional recitations....A pop group in Italy has released an LP composed of s-f songs including **Ballad of A Robot**, and **The Astronauts Lament**. U.S. release is uncertain.

Before making it big with "Moon River," "Old Heart," and the "Peter Gunn" score, Henry Mancini scored the background music to **THE WOLFMAN** and several Abbott & Costello films.

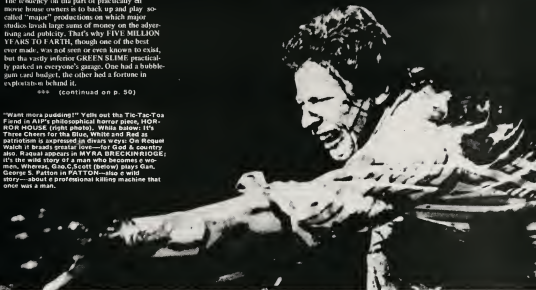


(continued from p. 39)

**ANSWER:** Spiraling costs and monstrous inflation is worrying most areas of American business than ever before; consequently, nearly everyone is more dollar-conscious than ever. The tendency on the part of practically all movie house owners is to back up and play so-called "major" productions on which major studios lavish large sums of money on the advertising and publicity. That's why **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH**, though one of the best ever made, was not seen or even known to exist, but the vastly inferior **GREEN SLIME** practically parked in everyone's gaze. One had a bubble-gum card budget, the other had a fortune in exploitation behind it.

\*\*\* (continued on p. 50)

"Want more pudding?" Yells out the Tic-Tac-Toe Fiend in AIP's philosophical horror piece, **HORROR HOUSE** (right photo). While below: It's Three Cheers for the Blue, White and Red as patriotism is expressed in diverse ways: On Requel Welch it brads greater love—for God & country also. Raquel appears in **MYRA BRECKINRIDGE**; it's the wild story of a man who becomes a woman. Whereas, Gho.C.Scott (below) plays Gen. George S. Patton in **PATTON**—also a wild story—about a professional killing machine that once was a man.

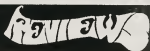


Barbara Steele, acknowledged queen of some of the finest Unworldly, eerie films for nearly a decade, as she appears in the Anthony Dawson (Antonio Margheriti) directed Italian shocker, I LUNGHIE CAPELLI DELLA MORTE. Dawson/Margheriti is also one of Italy's prominent character actors. Below: NBC-TV's "THE MAN HUNTERS" was all ape recently. Harlow, producer-writer-director Nicolas Noyon shows how monkey business for extras pays well—if they pay attention and follow his directions.



"The pictorial consumer age is dead. The iconic age is upon us... Today the comic strip is close to the pre-print woodcut and manuscript form of expression... the cartoon is a do-it-yourself farm of experience that has developed an ever more vigorous life as the electric age advanced... The first comic books appeared in 1935. Not having anything connected or literary about them, and being as difficult to decipher as the Book of Kells, they caught on with the young. The elders of the tribe, who had never noticed that the ordinary newspaper was as frantic as a surrealist art exhibition, could hardly be expected to notice that the comic books were as exotic as eight-century illuminations. So, having noticed nothing about the form, they could discern nothing of the contents, either... Our need now is to understand the formal character of print, comic and cartoon, both as challenging and changing the consumer-culture of film, photo, and press. There is no single approach to this task, and no single observation or idea that can solve so complex a problem in changing human perception."

-Marshall McLuhan



by The Comic Book Council

**MIKEY MOUSE & GOOFY (No. 126)**—There are times issues of MM and companion mags seem leagues ahead of all others. (I suspect this has been mostly the case for years, but few had guts enough to acknowledge it.) Not up to the more imaginative level of the Carl Barks UNCLE SCROOGE and DONALD DUCK (Barks is reputedly now retired, but his work is currently getting reprinted, and no one should miss a single one!), MM still looks loads better than the formula-ridden Madison Ave' afflicted hack abundant all over — not that total blame should fall upon the poor artists & writers; the wonder is they've any inspiration at all after working a few years on rot-gut. Pethaps this is the whole reason why some black-and-white comic book inspiring by contrast (this doesn't include those sewer escapes whose cover art shows human meat butcher shops, shattered bones-blood-guts, etc.—there's something that describes such stuff, & it's not faeces nor offaly nice).

In this MM, even some sub-nostalgia and quasi-familiar "period" detection is vested in the character of "Shamrock Bones," with Mickey a kind of Watson and Goofy in a similar but appropriately subordinate role. All quite truly beautiful. Verdict: It's this Kafkaesque-Lewis Carroll touch the up-tight comic mag establishment badly needs.

**DARK SHADOWS (No. 6)**—Unlike the TV-version, the comic lacks confusion and sticks to a form of plot—overturn, threadbare, of course, but a plot that's coherent & with a point. Art is pretty mediocre throughout though—in fact, quite bad part of the time; but a nice, weird semi-Hammer film mood prevails pretty well.

**DAREDEVIL (No. 66)**—The word going around these days is that the Super Hero Field is dying, and looking at the Marvels, especially Daredevil, it's easy to believe. Still, this issue was better than Daredevil's been for a long time, though a long way off from the quality of the early to mid-Sixties. Sid Shores inks Colan's work too darkly — this always happens to be a dreadful mistake in color comics especially (probably the artists might draw/ink better if "bosses" stopped breathing down their necks!). It's dumb having black ink flowing everywhere when there's all that beautiful color to be used—over-me of black can destroy mood & quality (even an over abundance of color tones can hurt).

**GREEN LANTERN/ARROW (Nos. 76, 77)**—When the beautiful mind blowing 76th issue appeared, I yelled out to myself, "This is it! Then kept praising in superlatives to every sympathetic conferee available.

A superhero book with total social and ecological relevance—with a valid philosophical point of view and a declaration of principles in 1970? Maybe in 1975 or '80. Wood of mouth on it has been, to put it mildly, terrific—copies sold out everywhere I turned. Finally writeups around the country appeared in papers, mags, etc. And the plot was wonderful—a long-wanted put-down on abysmal irrelevance, cynicism, on the overwhelming illiteracy and no-nothingsness inherent in the genre.

The whole bit in 76:

Negro ghetto; apathetic superhero: Green Lantern, until now oblivious to monster ghetto slumlords. Poor negro tenant comes along, puts down GL by telling him that he's always been off and away helping aliens on other worlds with green skins, orange skins, etc., but "There's skins you never bothered with—!... THE BLACK SKINS! I want to know: How come? Answer me that, Mr. Green Lantern."

Crestfallen, humbled as no establishment superhero ever before, GL fumbles for a reply and says: "I... can't..."

Green Arrow also looks upon GL in a new light, and chews him off for all his typical superhero establishment ways. GL sees the error of his ways, goes over to beat the tar out of slumlords, kith and kin, and... top establishment tin-god of them all intervenes: None other than one of The Guardians, who hauls GL down on the carpet, attempting with some success to humble him. GA steps in, sick with it all up to here, saying: "That's right, GL... Apologize in front of that walking mummy. Listen, forget about chasing around the Galaxy! And remember America—It's a good country... beautiful, fertile... and terribly sick! There are children dying—honest people cowering in fear... disillusioned kids ripping up campuses."

Superimposed against the looming ghost-like heads of the late Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, GA continues: "On the streets of Memphis a good black man died... And in Los Angeles a good white man fell... Something is wrong! Something is killing us all...! Some hideous moral cancer is rotting our very souls!"

GL's change of spirit and the power of GA's argument and convictions sway the Guardian to action: lanterns, etc., all these finally go off (dressed as average men) in a panel truck across the George Washington Bridge, heading away from the city, "Searching for a special kind of truth... searching for themselves."

Till now, one of the greatest comics published!

(continued on page 52)

Continued

"SPA FONI"



Remember

ALEX  
RAYMOND'S

# FLASH GORDON

It's not ~~Camp~~  
...It's not **POP!** ...It's simply *Nostalgia*



## Remember Sunday morning when you were a kid?

Weekday mornings were wandering off to school half-asleep, but Sunday morning was different. You woke up wide-eyed, ran to the front door, dragged in the newspaper, stretched out stomach down on the floor . . . and suddenly you were on Mongo, fighting Ming along with Flash, Dale and Dr. Zarkov! Alex Raymond worked four days and four nights each week to make that little fantasy world come alive for you each Sunday. Today, collectors pay up to \$100 for comic books with Raymond art. He was The Master. Working from models, experimenting with imaginative new ideas, executing it all with superb draftsmanship and masterful brush technique . . . well, there's never been another adventure strip like FLASH GORDON. It's a classic.

But you haven't thought about those Sunday mornings for a long time. We have. Here at Nostalgia Press, we would rather think about Flash instead of Vietnam, acid and the annual summer riots.

So we rounded up Raymond's black-and-white originals — to insure quality reproduction—and we're offering them to you in a handsome

11" X 15" hardcover limited edition. We made sure to include the much-discussed "Ice Kingdom" sequence, so even the most enthusiastic Raymond buffs couldn't get mad at us; and noted strip artist Al Williamson has written a biographical tribute to Alex Raymond's genius. It's Sunday all over again!

When you get your copy, we think you'll agree that it deserves to be shelved alongside your Picasso books.

The perfect gift for the person who thinks he has everything.

**\$13.75 Plus 95¢**  
for postage  
and handling.



Mail \$13.75 (plus 95 cents for postage & handling) to:  
GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



But the quality drop apparent in GL/GA 77 & 78 surprised and disappointed me. Querying editor Julius Schwartz (also a former SF/fantasy fan, editor and agent), he said: "And yet if you had read issue number 77 first before reading number 76, you would have thought what a great issue 77 was. Schwartz did agree though that after thirty years of more or less the same dogeared and formula crud, everyone had had it up to here and above; that GL/GA was a failing title (like many of the superhero books) for some time, and they'd nothing to lose by experimenting. Schwartz thinks a potentially more mature audience exists than the comic industry has ever realized, and he's contemplating a poll of DC readers via a 2-page questionnaire (probably already out by this time).

**THE HULK (No. 130)**—A atmosphere & Tripper art yanked me back to childhood days—everything has the look of the early 40's (perhaps a major improvement in a sense these days). But the thought of Dr. Bruce Banner perambulating about always in the nude (waist up, naturally!) is kinda perverse beefcake comic stripping. Despite Tripper's primitive touches, an interesting issue.

**HOUSE OF MYSTERY (No. 185)** is often silly and vapid, but this issue is a collector's item for featuring one of the finest things Al Williamson's ever done: an 11-pager that's so striking that it makes most pro's look like beginners. (Betha Al got paid "standard" rates—so why does the comic industry gripe about falling off sales when it doesn't want to put out more bread for the guys who'll help build up sales?)...

**TOWER OF SHADOWS (No. 5)** (apart from its annoying pickup of our old Col motto with a slight change into "Tales To Blow Your Mind") has a gorgeous, indeed inspired Wally Wood sword-and-sorcery 7-pager, which makes up for the rest of the issue's drab flatness, i.e. the lead story "The Demon That Devoured Hollywood" would have been neat.... if not already done a hundred and one different ways before in comic & TV (Twilight Zone alone did it, I think five or six times with variations).

**WITCHING HOUR (No. 8)** along with House of Mystery and similar DC books, seems on the upgrade. While Alex Toth twice has a great style (or terror-fantasy) isn't always directed to the best advantage, he rose well in "Computer" and reminded me of B. Krystein's fine work in the great old EC days. Cardy's "Home Trial" was fine, with the rest of the issue balancing nicely.

**GHOSTS OF DOCTOR GRAVES (No. 20)** is a Charlton book—and this company name has been like the kiss of death on comic racks in the past; they're usually so awful it's unbelievable. But

...some good work tricks almost miraculously through, for some weird and inexplicable reason (they know where the artists-writers bury their books). Like O'Neil in this and some of the other Charlton titles.

**WHERE CREATURES ROAM (No. 1, etc.)** is reprinted crud, and a shame to see good when fine, fresh material from young, new talent badly needs exploitation and ...is available for God's sake!

**CHAMBER OF DARKNESS (No. 4)** is typical of the repetition, imitateness and sluggishness among the Marvels. After his splendid work on GL/GA, O'Neil's "Man Who Owned the World" was a mild shock and seems largely inspired by the character "Mr. Arkadin" from Orson Welles' book of the same name (later turned by Welles into a film in 1955). Even O'Neil's leading character, named Ikaadin, down to his very physical appearance (by Tom Sutton) is virtually the same. Then all similarities kinda break up, with an original ending saving the day—and the art was very good.

#### Wrapping Up the GOOD, BAD & The CRUDLY:

**ADAM STRANGE (No. 223)** belongs to that god-awful group of DC's, the Reprint Baddies; and "Genius Epidemic" in this issue seems totally inspired by the Okie series that ran in Thrilling Wonder Stories during the 40's.... **UNEXPECTED (No. 119)** also rocky & uneven. The Bemi Wrighton story is banal, but his graphics very nice, with a strong Ingels-Will Eisner influence. Peter Fonda appears to be in Koshoan story illustrated by Greene-Colletta: the Fonda look-alike is a bimbo hero whose sight is restored by a grateful witch—an unusually tender, moving story. Rest of the issue dotted with space-wasting fillers.... **TOWER OF SHADOWS (No. 6)** obeys the laws of flattery by continuing the blurb "Tales To Blow Your Mind." The Ditko is a reprint and this, as in many other Marvels, isn't mentioned to the readers. But Wood's sword & sorcery fantasy is gorgeous and saves the whole issue from disaster with Sutton's insanely excellent 2-pager....

Two "New" Titles: Marvel's first issue of **ASTONISHING TALES AND AMAZING ADVENTURES** are quite terrible (AM features The Inhumans and Black Widow; AST has Kazar and Or, Ooom), which confirms a long suppressed feeling that DC has been trying to experiment and forge in different directions for more than a year, and Marvel's not just standing still but in a lot of trouble (incapable of retaining first class workers, the recent resignation of superstar Jack Kirby underlines the defective patterns under which creative people work. Even Stan Lee's normal gibberish and banal rhetoric was absent and there was even a touch of dumb-foundedness when he recently announced the Kirby go-home).

**CAPTAIN AMERICA (No. 128)** tries clumsily to grab the Easy Rider market and fails. While **WHERE MONSTERS DWELL** (all & any nos.) is more wasted ink and paper with miserable old reprints from the pinhead era of comic mag publishing—it also deprives new talent needing exposure.... **JASON'S QUEST**, since its first issue, has been erratic but also utterly refreshing. Not only does it woo the "youth market"—it actually does look as if it "belongs" because of its relevancy.

**SILVER SURFER** hasn't been around lately and was one of the few Marvel's left that managed to come up with a good thing on certain occasions (it originally had tremendous classical potential the first several issues; but that's years ago). Nos. 16 & 17 were interesting Marvels for the nonce, reminding us of the rather un-namby-pamby shock quality of SS no. 9 vs. a very horrific Flying Dutchman.

**IRON MAN No. 24** was a departure from previous crud largely thanks to Archie Goodwin's script.... **CHAMBER OF DARKNESS** (no. 5) usually lacks distinction as much as its stultifying twin, Tower of Shadows, but emer-

ges brilliantly with "Music From Beyond" due to Johnny Craig's individual and original style & for being based on horror genius H.P. Lovecraft's story "The Music of Erich Zann."

DC continues experimenting forcefully upward and upward, proving it especially with what once was one of their worst, **BATMAN** (no. 221, 222), with Novick's-Giordano's graphics teamwork more than gratifying, especially in no. 222—a little rushed and rough, however, in spots in no. 221, but sustained nearly by a strong borderline gothic mood. Batman & The Phantom Stranger in **BRAVE & BOLD** no. 89 are also set against a fine weird and nearly Lovecraftish background, and handled well by Andreu-Exposito (to story by Haney).

#### THE "AQUALT" COMIX

Best of all the black-&-white comic in years is **WEB OF HORROR** because it's given lots of exposure to highly talented newcomers who were once snubbed in the past by nearly every uptight establishment mag nameable. Also proven is that young, creative artists may function best when idiotic managerial pomposity is held in check, thereby leaving the men to create without the sense of gnomish breathing exercises down their backs. From Beni Wrighton's excellent cover painting (no. 3), proper mood is established: following is Frank Brunner's fascinating inside front cover one-pager of black humor or a la early EC days. Next is Mike Koluts's well packaged and illustrated SF/fantasy, followed by Ralph Reese (who for a long time assisted Wally Wood) with a good tale delineated by some excellent wash-line art, Frank Brunner comes in with "Santa's Claw"—perhaps Frank's best to date; and Sid Shores seems more inspired, utilizing a fine wash-art style combined with line to illustrate his own yarn. Bruce Jones is obviously of the Krenkel-Williams school in "Point of View"—and Wrighton wraps up the issue with "Feed It!", a well written but disturbing epic spun from Mike Friedrich's ghastly imagination.

Trouble is: **WEB** appears to be in trouble, thanks mostly to the rotten wholesale/retail situation throughout the country these days.

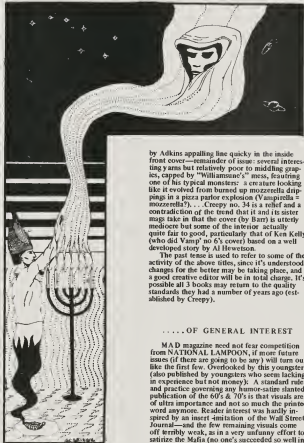
(continued on p. 54)



— and now it suffices to take off the handkerchief and the hiccups are gone...



Graphic evidence is above in vivid detail of the magical, imaginative, wonderful world of BUCK ROGERS. The tragedy of our generation is that a sense of wonder, that touch of fey, may seem to be absent at times. But part of that past can be recaptured. Further details on page 57.



by Adkins appalling line quickly in the inside front cover—remainder of issue: several interesting yarns but relatively poor to middling graphics, capped by "Williamsone's" mess, featuring one of his typical monsters: a creature looking like it evolved from burned up mozzarella dripping in a pizza parlor explosion (Vampiella = mozzarella?). ... Creepy no. 34 is a relief and a contradiction of the trend that it and its sister mags take in that the cover (by Barr) is utterly mediocre but some of the interior actually quite fair to good, particularly that of Ken Kelly (who did Vamp' no. 6's cover) based on a well developed story by Al Hewetson.

The past tense is used to refer to some of the activity of the above titles, since it's understood changes for the better may be taking place, and a good creative editor will be in total charge. It's possible all 3 books may return to the quality standards they had a number of years ago (established by Creepy).

#### .... OF GENERAL INTEREST

MAD magazine need not fear competition from NATIONAL LAMPOON, if more future issues (if there are going to be any) will turn out like the first few. Overlooked by this youngster (also published by youngsters who are lacking in experience but not money). A standard rule and practice governing any humor-satire slanted publication of the 60's & 70's is that visuals are of ultra importance and not so much the printed word anymore. Reader interest was hardly inspired by an insert-imitation of the Wall Street Journal—and the few remaining visuals come off terribly weak, as in a very unfunny effort to satirize the Mafia (no one's succeeded so well in surpassing "The Untouchables," TV's satire of all the boys back some years ago).

SCREEN STORIES began with its May '70 issue to join the magazine rack cult parade in changing radically its policy. Known heretofore as a pretty groovy deal, featuring an average of four or five new screen stories each issue, they've scrapped all this (using only one story now) and doing what two million and six other rumor mongering gossip rags peddle, i.e., it's enough to drive even a half-baked film fan up the wall!

TAKE ONE is a brilliant and very uncontentious, plain looking but extremely informative film magazine. You may have trouble finding it on any average stand—it's only \$3 for 12 bimonthly issues: Unicorn Publishing Corp., P.O. Box 1778, Station B, Montreal 2, Canada.

Unlike the majority of even certain "serious" filmmags, TO has an acute sense of relevance, abundant with film reviews, critiques; and with a current edition (vol. 2, no. 4) an article on the effect HUAC had with witch-hunting "disloyalty" in H'wood over 20 years ago (part of a series to run for several issues); plus various news depts. representing various filmmaking centers around the world.

Nostalgia hounds ought to have a ball and mazzie with THE ROARING TWENTIES (\$5c, monthly, \$4 per year; Tower Press, 25 Garden St., Danvers, Mass. 01923). This too is another fine mag that's hard to find and gets

rotten distribution (all right, everybody: How about forming a club?). They're the same bunch of great old sentimentalists who publish GOOD OLD DAYS and other nostalgia type things. ROARING concentrates entirely on the 20's, of course, reprinting ads, beautiful old comic strips and other things which stand in shocking contrast by reminding one and all that, apart from home air conditioners, monstrous indebtedness, extra electrical appliances—which always break down—and the TV set ogre (that's helped destroy theatrical and outdoor city life), how much have we really gained in over 40 years?

#### The WORLD OF SFantasy FANDOM . . . .

... Once more we have to drop down in type size, or face the alternative of running little if any material in the dept. following. If type size bugs you, please let us know. But as already pointed out—some sections of CoF face the problem of being in or out of existence all depending on type size and your reaction.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (\$7.50; Advent Publishers Inc., P.O. Box 222, Chicago, Illinois 60690) is purportedly a close-up intimate history of early SFantasy fandom. Regrettably, it omits numerous places, people and events, and even though it flatters an somewhat topical, is more subject to error. Lacking time and space, a more in-depth report will probably appear in a forthcoming CoF. As it now stands, YESTERDAYS though viewed it still a very fascinating and nostalgic look into the past, and a labor of love.

GORE CREATURES (35c, Gary Sweth, 5906 Kavan Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21202) is a lot of informative and studious fanzine. Besides letters galore from readers of Gore & other horror film buffs, this number has breakdowns/cast credits on films like Karloff's "The Wolf Man Dead," a short history of SFantasy film work by major film studios over the past ten years, a short interview with Chris Lee, plus more reviews, film news and art reproductions of Chris Lee's roles.

Walter-Winchell-is-Alive-And-Well Dept.: If blood was the life for Count Dracula, being informed and gossip abt a mode, par excellence, sustains the very cockles of SFandom's kooky little heart. L.A.C.O.S., published bi-weekly more than 60 issues, has aptly proved this by not only being the genre's gossip card but a source of invaluable information concerning just about anything and everything going on in the SFantasy world, i.e. books, pro-mags, fan mags, conventions, etc. etc. \$2 for 10 issues; \$4 for 20 from: Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY, 10457.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (60c, \$2 for 4 issues; Box 40, Univ. Sta., Regina, Sask., Canada).

Edited/published by Leland Saprio, this has been accused of being one of the most interesting, pretentious, stuffy, bombastic and profound since Skupieduyky's SF Graphs of the early 50's were replaced by Gaus's Theory of SF in 1919. Very in-depth, RQ certainly could never be accused of superficiality. RQ's studies, surveys and position as a true literary "little mag" with the same approach of a fastidious, plain looking, who only proceeds to cut after making detailed bios. RQ's quite vital for anyone who desires to really get into SFantasy and not just skirting around the fringes.

BLACK ORACLE (no. 3=3 issues \$3.00; George Stover, Box 2301, Baltimore, Md. 21203) is the world's only leading photo-offer, vest pocket size fanzine to advertise "Bloody Hair Hunks" for 25c (and that's just the retail price, he'll have you know). Seriously, editor/publisher Geo. (not related to Smoky) Stover is a devoted lover-scholar of SFantasy-terror films, and proves it with meticulous dedication, contents and layouts. George also has a complete synopsis of Hammer's "TASTE" THE BLACK COFFIN OF ORACULA months before anyone. Rating: Excellent.

L'INCROYABLE CINEMA (50c; 4 issues for \$2, 10 from Steve & Irene, 1517 17th Avenue St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19148) is edited/published in England by Harry Nadler who was responsible for many fine CoF contributions and heaving in bringing about our exclusive photo-offer interview some issues ago. With all its 68 pages it is a big bargain and compares favorably with many other

CHILLING TALES and SHOCK are only mentioned because the onus of certain vile "horror" titles doesn't fall upon these innocent books, which are exactly that: Innocent, flat and very uninteresting, though packaged by one of the nicest, friendliest publishing houses around. Well, you can't have everything. ....

What has often distinguished CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA is superior, often extraordinarily fine cover artwork. But often, too, the distinction ends with the covers and disappointment begins developing once editorial content is considered. And some of the art couldn't even qualify as amateurish but having potential, i.e. Miguel Fernandez's crudity in Eerie no. 27, Ken Barr's hardly better, and Jack Sparding in the same league. And almost any issue of any of the 3 books in the past contained the absurd work of Tony Tallarico who has cultivated the art of ugly, no talent graphics to new heights (Tallarico is known also as "Tony Williamsone"); but his work continued to appear with mystifying albeit budgeoning regularity. Vampiella no. 5 could have been totally mediocre, but relieved by bright spots created by Facuchio and Sutton. Vamp' no. 6 features Ken Kelly, a very promising newcomer as cover artist, but this positive mood is crudely interrupted

(Continued on p. 56)

From RAY BRADBURY'S Introduction to  
"BUCK ROGERS"

"The most beautiful sound in my life, dearly recollected, fully remembered, was the sound of a folded newspaper kiteing through the summer air and landing on my front porch.

Every late afternoon from the time I was nine until I was fourteen that sound, and the thump it made hitting the side of the house, or the screen-door, or a window, but never the porch-planks themselves, that sound had an immediate effect upon one person inside the house.

The door burst wide. A boy, myself, leapt out, eyes blazing, mouth gasping for breath, hands seizing at the paper to grapple it wide so that the hungry soul of one of Waukegan, Illinois' finest small intellectuals could feed upon:

#### BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY.

That is how I lived—in a fever, a faint delirium, in semi-hysteria. I was born and bred fanatic. When I loved, I truly loved. When I went mad, I was Ahab's cabin boy, madness maddened.

In fact, I still live pretty much that way.... How does one come by such manias? How do you explain such feelings to others? I have no easy answers. In any event, I was.

And what I was began, as it did for millions of other boys in the early Twenties, with motion pictures. THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME with Lon Chaney, MR. WU, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT and THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA grew me. THE CAT AND THE CANARY, THE BAT, and THE GORILLA shaped me. So, by the time I was nine, on the verge of collision with BUCK ROGERS, I was a real child of the 20th Century.

And there's the sound, whistling through the air, crashing along the shingles, sliding down the roof, falling to the porch. You fling the door wide. You bend to touch that incredible newspaper with a hot hand.

BUCK ROGERS has just been born.

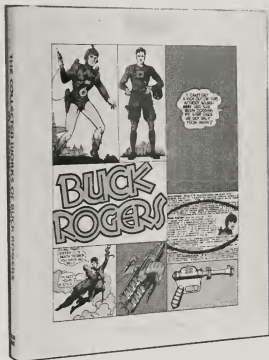
And you, a single wise small boy, are there alone to welcome him to a world he will help change forever."

— Ray Bradbury —

Never before has a comic strip classic been so majestically immortalized by a book publisher, and it may be a very long time before an event like this can be repeated, especially considering the quality, the quantity and everything else (not overlooking special biographical notes, informative guides, the entire origin story-in-strip-form, Bradbury's moving introduction, etc.). For this is truly a collector's dream come true! Especially considering that original color Sunday supplement strips, sold for as much as \$3 to \$5 in the past by dealers, are reproduced in live, blazing, beautiful color. All 64 excellent and huge pages of them! (Not forgetting several hundred pages of black and white dailies going back over 37 years.)

## THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY

Price: \$17.50, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.  
Measurements: 11 inches wide by nearly 15 inches tall.  
Shipping weight: 10 pounds  
Number of pages: 400 (over 60 pages in full color).



### INTRODUCTION BY RAY BRADBURY

Price: \$17.50, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Mail to:

**GOTHIC CASTLE—** 509 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N. Y. 10017

ious pro' filmings—and, let's face facts once and for all, for goshakealright! This as well as many fanzines or "semi-pro" style mags are infinitely better than most of the mag crud weighing down newstands all over the world. Probably because interested, dedicated people are behind uncommercial publications. This issue devotes most of its space to a Star Trek slanted interview with William Shatner, and a tremendous study (with many photos) of the classic THINGS TO COME.

**VIEWS & REVIEWS** (quarterly; \$1.25, 4 for \$3.50; Views & Reviews, Suite 403, Clark Bldg., 633 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.). An unusual mag with a pro' look, covering films & the book world. No. 3 had a study of John Wayne's career; article/filmography on Old Western star

given by the standard convention celebrities who, at first blush, give an impression of making standard SF&F lectures, but on closer examination are revealed to often say lots of relevant and groovy things—when not pontificating and self-conscious. Both Lunas are \$4 a year from F.M. Olet Jr., 655 Orchard St., Oradell, N.J. 07649.

#### IN BRIEF:

Running out of space, so everything gets wrapped up fast, short of using the Morse Code. The following symbols cut down on unnecessary rapping, so please memorize them, then head for the nearest air raid shelter or coffee house: **GENZINE**: a fanzine delving into all kinds of SF&F topics. **FILMSPEC**: film exploratory. **SPECLINE**: rickshaws of specialization (i.e. published perhaps by a fan mortician who also specializes in taxidermy; or by a fan who specializes covering small conventions held [beneath The Coney Island Boardwalk]). In T&F, **SPCLINE** published (\*) before a fanmag could mean touching it will bring you the purple plague or a touch of malignant vampirism, but around here it usually means a pretty damned fine and recommended. Tempus fugit, onward, ever onward!

\* **CROSSROADS**, 25c, 12 for \$3, monthly; genzine—Al Ender, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, R.I. 02912. \* **NOLAZINE**, 50c, 3 for \$1; genzine—Rick Norwood, 5169 Wilton Ave., Apt. O, New Orleans, LA 70122. \* **GLUP**, 50c, spcline (humor/etc.), Amie Katz, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201. \* \* **SF REVIEW**, 50c; genzine—Cliff Gels, Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403. \* \* **BEACHHENA**, 60c, 2 for \$1; genzine—Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 19351. \* \* **DOUBLE-BILL**, \$1 copy; genzine—Bill Malardi, Box 368, Akron, O. 44309. \* **GOTHIQUE** and **STARDOCK**, 40c, 4 for \$1.50 (2 different magz: films & quality fan art); Stan Nichols, 5 St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood, London, NW 8, England. \* \* **MIRAGE**, 60c, 3 for \$1.50; excellent literary spcline—Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Hills, Baltimore, Md. 21207. \* \* **PHANTASMICOM**, 2 for \$1; spcline, fan fiction—Don Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Md. 21207. \* \* **MYTHLORE**, 60c, 4 for \$2.50; spcline, folklore/etc.—Glen Knight, 504 Elm St., Alhambra, CA 91801. \* \* **SPACE & TIME**, 25c, 4 for \$1; spcline, ancient comic & fan fiction—Gordon Linsner, 918 Hart St., Brooklyn, NY 11217. \* \* **FORUM INTERNATIONAL**, 60c, 5 for \$2; spcline, re Scandinavian activity/etc.; in English: Per Insulander, Midsummarvägen 33, S-126 38 Hagersten, Sweden. \* \* **AKOS**, no price listed (free!); genzine, from the SF&F Society of Columbia University—Janet Messon, apt. 50, 321 W. 105th St., NY, NY 10025. \* \* **NAPALM** (in re: Burning Issues!); spcline, politics from an SF&F slant—Wally Conner, Rt. 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, CA 93420. \* \* **SF COMMENTARY**, 50c; spcline (SF&F analyzed)—Bruce Gillespie, Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia. \* \* **GUTS-WORDSD**, 50c, 3 for \$1; exciting spcline—Jill and Joan Bowers, Box 87, Barberton, O. 44203. \* \* **1969 SF MAG INDEX**, \$1; checklist spcl. NESFA, Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. \* \* **XANORO**, 50c, 5 for \$2—extra special; this one is ten years old! recently issue 197 was published! From: Buck Coulson, Rt.3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348.

**EDITORIAL WRAP-UP**

Before finalizing all matters and tying up the loose ends, I wish to mention an intriguing paperback book that recently arrived. It's edited by veteran fanzine/academic/scholar, Vic Chidalia. Name of the book: "THE LITTLE MONSTERS" containing one of the best short-story line-ups to grace an anthology package in a long time. The book's these centers about strange, small children who do weird, monstrous, chilling things in stories by Bradbury, Kuttner, Delerth and other top-flight masters of the macabre. Price is only 75c (published by Macfadden-Bartell). Due in several weeks, also edited by Chidalia (same price & publisher) is **BEWARE THE BEASTS**, with stories by Lovecraft, Delerth, Leiber, H.G. Wells, Bradwood & other greats. Watch for it!

**COF CLASSIFIEDS**

Have something to sell? Old books, magazines, stamps, records, tapes or photos, posters, etc. Use CoF Classifieds at these low rates: \$4 for a minimum of ten (10) words, plus 40¢ for each additional word. Send copy and remittance to: Adv. Dept., CoF, Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

**Original Comic & SF&F MAG ART Wanted.** Also wanted: Old comics, EC's, etc. Also interested in pre-1960 and earlier movie stills (particularly SF&F/horror), pressbooks, color transparencies, Antiquarian Dept., De Morgan, Box 83, Hudson Hts., North Bergen, N.J. 07047.

**WE'LL PAY FOR ORIGINAL COMIC AND SF&F MAG ART.** Also interested in movie materials, old stills, comic books, old horror-fantasy pulps, Weird Tales, Ghost Stories (pre-40 only), EC's and other pre-code comics. Send your lists to: Collector's Mart, CoF, Gothic Castle Publishing Co., 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

**SCIENTIFANTASY specialist:** Excellent large selection of books, magazines and other material priced to suit the genre. Write to: R. Ree, 7 Birchwood, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

**COMIC BOOKS, SF&F PULPS.** Large variety of thousands of items; extensive selection of Golden Age and other pre-1960 titles. Also lots of other items, Phoenix Bookshop, 354 Palmdale Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07307.

**HORROR KIT SPECIAL:** Perfect for Halloween and any special, outre and weird occasions. Only \$15.00, this gigantic grab-bag includes simulated shrunken heads, vampire fangs, mad doctor's hydropic needle, dancing spider, poster-type decorations, and surprises. Order from: R. Ree, 7 Birchwood, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

**COLOR COVER ORIGINALS FOR SALE:** Cover of CoF no. 4 by Lee Wamagel (Lugosi as Araculac): \$350.00. CoF 1967 Annual cover by Russ Jones (with 6 different characters played by Karloff, Lugosi, Hull, Cushing & Rausch): \$500.00. CoF cover from no. 15 (this issue) by Frank Brunner: \$500.00.

Also: Signed and dedicated by artist strips: (1) *Ray Kirby* (1965) by John Breitenstein. (2) *"Long Sam,"* created by Al Capp and signed by Bob Lubbers, 1960. Each strip, \$35.00. (Both individually & handsomely framed under glass, ready for wall display.) Further idea of how these CoF covers look: CoF covers looking at back issue dept. this issue, pages 64-65. Order from: CoF Art Dept., Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Publishers of fanzines and other publications meanwhile take note: Since World of SF&F Fandom is now a steady feature, your sole place of admission is maintaining constant flow of each issue turned out (not merely mailing out an occasional issue purely for lifting purposes). This is not a hard and fast "rule"—merely a matter of principle.

Our apologies, meanwhile, for certain articles and departments promised but not in this issue. Omission of favorite features (like our "Frankenstein Movieguide" and the alphabetical "Movieguide" listings) is only a temporary condition. (We would like to use as an excuse that: (1) We've had trouble channeling a couple hundred thousand extra volts lately into the Monster. (2) Horror writer Frankenstein III and Count Dracula II unsettled us during a recent visit. We'd like to say that—but it'd be a cop-out [truth is].

The Monster is in perfect shape, and Messrs. Frankenstein III & Dracula II are always out of town.

The letter column, **GHOSTAL MAIL**, will be back in full swing. So, keep the mail pouring in, c/o: "Ghostal Mail," **GOthic CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., INC.**, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

— Calvin T. Beck —



Kem Maynard, study on Philo Vance in film & literary format. Also dep'ts on records, painting and other arts. Recommended.

**THE TOLKIEEN JOURNAL** (Ed Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226). \$2 not only delivers four issues of the Journal but entitles one to full Tolkien Society membership. This & Santa Claus, and you can't ask for more.

**LUNA Monthly**, and **LUNA** (with an apostrophe) are two different publications covering different areas of the SF&F mag field. **LUNA Monthly** features mainly book reviews and in-depth information on magz of the genre, with a calendar of events all over the country, etc. **Apostrophed LUNA** appears thrice yearly, covering speeches

# NOSTALGIA COMICS

An exciting bi-monthly publication dedicated to reprinting the classics of the comic strip from the 1930's and 1940's.

Alex Raymond's Secret Agent X-9, the daily Flash Gordon strip, vintage Mickey Mouse, Tailspin Tommy, Brick Bradford, Roy Crane's Wash Tubbs and Captain Easy plus many other greats.

**SINGLE COPY: \$6.95**



# TERRY

AND THE PIRATES



Comic strips have never been the same since that day in 1934 when Terry Lee and Pat Ryan sailed into the China Sea! View the Orient as it was and never will be again as TERRY AND THE PIRATES set sail again in Nostalgia Press' bound volume, which brings you this strip from its very first day!

**\$14.50**

LEE FALK'S

# MANDRAKE

the MAGICIAN



When these two hats get tossed into the ring, anything can happen and usually does! Lee Falk has been mixing the real and the fantastic for years ever since 1934! Phil Davis added the art that kept MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN filled with excitement! See how it all began.

**\$7.95**

# LITTLE NEMO

IN SLUMBERLAND  
by Winsor McCay

Little Nemo was the most remarkable comic strip fantasy ever created. Week after week, Winsor McCay created a profusion of scenes of wonder that are unmatched anywhere for their sheer fantasy and inventiveness. Today the reputation of this magnificent strip is growing by leaps and bounds.

Thirty full-page reproductions are taken directly from the original drawings created over fifty years ago —



**\$3.95**



GEORGE HERRIMAN'S



When that brick connects, the whole world turns on in Coconino County! It's too bad that only the readers of 48 newspapers in the U.S. were able to turn on with it! But that didn't keep George Herriman's KRAZY KAT from being one of the most celebrated strips of all time and considered by Gilbert Seldes as one of the highest achievements in popular art. See what Woodrow Wilson read to calm his cabinet, read what e. e. cummings waxed erudite over and what Charles Schultz calls a classic!

- 168 pages, 8 in color

**\$9.95**

While this ad continues, copies of all the above items will continue being available. But—there's no guarantee that what is listed now will be seen the next issue or the one after. And buying now is like an investment: much better even than money in the bank, since each dollar paid on a special book or magazine today may be worth as much as three or four dollars some day. For instance, the Peliffer book "The Great Comic Book Heroes" of several years ago, which sold for about \$7.00 has been out of print for some time and now worth up to \$30.00....The once available Barbour movie serial books, "Serials of Columbia" and "Serials of Republic" (sold thru our pages originally for only \$2) can't be had for less than \$7 each from rare book dealers. So, be wise—Order NOW!

All prices  
above  
include  
postage  
and handling.

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:

**GOTHIC CASTLE Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017**



# Lin Carter Looks at Books



**THE MOON OF SKULLS.** Robert E. Howard; Centaur Press—60¢.

Charles M. Collins, who used to run this book review column before me, has now gone into the publishing business with a couple of kindred souls. This is their first book, the first of three paperbacks which will eventually get all of the Solomon Kane stories between soft covers. It's not quite Conan, but it's vivid exciting stuff and loads of fun. Because Centaur titles have a limited press-run and will appear on few newsstands, you would be wise in writing them directly care of: Como Sales Inc., 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

[Editor's note: Following publication of the above title, Como has also added to its lists *THE PATHLESS TRAIL* by Arthur O. Friel (60¢). This title and the Howard book have striking covers by Jeff Jones.]

**NUMBER SEVEN QUEER STREET.** Margery Lawrence; Mycroft & Moran—\$4.00.

Of all the different varieties of weird fiction, I am most enamored of the supernatural detective. Algernon Blackwood gave us John Silence; Saxbury Quinn gave us Jules de Grandin; Don Lawrence had Dr. Tavenor; Manly Wade Wellman had John Thumstone—and here is Margery Lawrence with a book full of the adventures of Miles Pennoyer. The five tales in this book have a subtle, eerie charm that makes me hungry for more of the same.

**THE SPIDER STRIKES!** R.T.M. Scott; Berkley Books—60¢.

Don Benson, formerly of editor at Pyramid, is now at Berkley and this delightful series is all his work. The Spider was a pulp magazine character very big in the 1930's, and he is still lots of fun. A suave, Park Avenue adventurer—half the Shadow and half the Saint. The writing is crisp and lively, the adventures fast-moving and ingenious. Do not miss this one for anything.

**NOMADS OF GOR.** John Norman; Ballantine Books—75¢.

The Gor books—of which this one is the 4th so far—are completely captivating fantastic adventures in the tradition of Burroughs. In fact, I think Norman is the best of all the Burroughs imitators, and a splendid writer in his own right. The series grows in scope and richness from book to book, and his new world of Counter-Earth is rapidly taking the place of Barsoom in the affections of this reviewer.

**JIREL OF JOYRI.** C. L. Moore; Paperback Library—40¢.

C.L. Moore is the widow of the late Henry Kuttner, and, like her husband, is one of the several writers who stepped in at *Wizard Tales* about the time Robert E. Howard died, writing

much in the vein of his Conan yarns. Miss Moore is the most original of the lot, though, for her tales (collected here in paperback for the first time) are the adventures of a female Conan! Jirel is a most interesting gal, a fiery and tempestuous red-haired girl warrior, and this is, to me, one of the most enjoyable books of the year. Bravo, Paperback Library—I am delighted that you took up my suggestion to reprint these yarns!

**TWO DOZEN DRAGON EGGS.** Donald A. Wellheim; Powell Sci-Fi—95¢.

Besides being one of our most distinguished SF/fantasy anthologists, Don Wellheim has himself authored a dozen or so science fiction novels during his long career. I have never found myself particularly admiring his authorial skills. Hence this first collection of his short stories came as a perfectly astonishing revelation—the man is a brilliant master of the short story, not at all unworthy of comparison with such superb craftsmen as John Collier or Saki. Each of the 24 very short yarns in this book carries the impress of a distinctly individual mind and a skill with the deft, under-stutter story with the nasty twist at the ending that left me gasping with amazement. I particularly want to single out for praise two stories, "Mimic" and "The Rag Thing." As one of the finest collections of short tales I have seen in years, I urge you not to miss it.

**FLAME WINDS.** Norvell W. Page; Berkley Books—60¢.

If Robert E. Howard had written Conan novels instead of short stories, this is the kind of entertainment he might well have produced. Page writers with color, verve, gusto and excitement, and his Prester John is a swaggering superman with an unexpected sense of humor. The story is historical adventure in the ancient East, with plenty of black magic and wicked villains, a delicious heroine and exotic scenery. It's loads of fun to read, and there will be a sequel called *SONS OF THE BEAR GOD*.

**DARKER THAN YOU THINK.** Jack Williamson; Berkley Books—60¢.

Good old Jack Williamson is one of my all-time favorite adventure writers, and *DTYT* is one of his two or three top best. Spooky adventure melodrama ... archaeologist returns from darkest Gobs with strange relics in locked chest.... mysterious rumors whisper of a word race that evolved with the human and eventually merged with man and lives today unsuspected ... what did Moundkrind find in that prehistoric burial mound? Who is the Black Messiah? Is it later than we think, and man's future much darker? Absolutely great!

**ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D.** Philip Francis Nolan; Ace Books—60¢.

Reading these two short novels gives one an eerie feeling of *deja vu*. *Deja vu*, incidentally, is not an incomparable Barsoomian princess but a weird feeling of "I have been here before." In this case, "here" means the wonderful, corny old Buck Rogers strip of the late thirties; for the two short novels unmoored together are the original Buck Rogers stories just as they appeared back in Amazing Stories in 1928-29, before the comic strip was ever conceived. I find them charming, quaint, crisp and thrilling. You will too.

**THE YOUNG MAGICIANS.** Lin Carter, editor; Ballantine Books—60¢.

Forgive me if it sounds like I am tooting my own horn a bit, but I assure you I would be heartily recommending this book even if it did not happen to be edited by myself. Never in any anthology have so many of the supreme masters of the heroic fantasy been represented. In this case, we have 120,000 words by William Morris, Lord Dunsany, E.R. Edgison, A. Merrit, James Branch Cabell, H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard, Henry Kuttner, L. Sprague de Camp, Jack Vance, C.S. Lewis, and two brand new "Bombadil" poems which Professor Tolkien most generously contributed especially for this collection. There are biographical notes to each story or poem and an annotated bibliography suggesting other books by each of the authors represented.

**THE MAD KING.** Edgar Rice Burroughs; Ace Books—60¢.

The immortal Edgar Rice Burroughs was perhaps the single greatest adventure story writer who ever lived, and his equal has never been found. He wrote just about every conceivable kind of yarn, from African adventures to tales of other worlds, including murder mystery, westerns, historical sagas, and, yes, even a pirate story (called *PIRATE BLOOD*, never published but complete in manuscript). *THE MAD KING* is a venture into the Grantatarkian romance and bears comparison with such minor masterpieces as *THE PRISONER OF ZENDA* and *RUPERT OF HENTZAU*: Skullbaggery and derring-do in the little kingdom of Lutha. Glorious stuff. Burroughs was a born yarn-spinner, best 'lin.

**THE MIGHTY BARBARIANS.** Hans Stefan Santesson, editor; Lancer Books—75¢.

"Great Sword and Sorcery Heroes" is the subtitle for this fine collection of five novelettes, and that's where they are. Included are Conan of Cimmerica (in Robert E. Howard's "A Witch Shall Be Born"), Elak of Atlantis (in Henry Kuttner's "Dragn Moon"), Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser (in Fritz Leiber's "When The Sea King's Away"), one of L. Sprague de Camp's Pasadena tales ("The Stronger Spell"), and my own character, Thorogor the Mighty, in a new story called

"Thieves of Zangbar," written especially for this collection. All this and an eye-popping cover by Stenanko that makes me feel that Jeff Jones may have some real competition at last.

**THE SHADOW LAUGHS.** Maxwell Grant; Berkley Books—60¢.

Obviously inspired by the simply amazing success of their series of Doc Savage reprints, Bantam has at last hit on the idea (instantly obvious to everyone else from the beginning) of reprinting the old original exploits of Ooe's companion on the Street & Smith pulp line of the 1930's. These are not, repeat NOT, new Shadow novels, like those dismal things Belmont was doing a few years back. This novel, for example, weird adventures in the grim streets of the New York underworld, dates from October 1931 and is the third in this reprint series.

**QUEST BEYOND THE STARS.** Edmond Hamilton; Popular Library—60¢.

Back in 1941, when I was eleven years old, there was no more wonderful writer in the world than that wonderful Edmond Hamilton, and no more delicious a magazine than *Captain Future*. Now that the Cap Future novels are being reissued in paperback form, I find myself re-reading them and wallowing in nostalgia. They still seem to me superlative examples of old-fashioned pulp space opera: Square-jawed heroes battling across weird worlds with blasters blazing, zapppers zapping.... But here, they will seem to you I cannot say. I suspect that, unless you, too, were eleven years old in 1941, they may seem campy and quaint. Give one of them a try, and let's find out.

**THE AGE OF THE PUSSYFOOT.** Fred Pohl; Ballantine Books—75¢.

The one thing I disliked most about Fred Pohl when he was editor of *Galaxy* and *IF*, was that it cut into his own writing time something fierce. Pohl has always seemed to me one of the finest of living SF writers, and now that he has left his constricting editorial job we will no doubt be seeing much more Pohl fiction. If the present novel is any example, then he should have resigned editorial work years ago: For *Pussyfoot* is a chillingly real, vastly entertaining, meticulously and logically thought out picture of what the world may be like in 2527 A.D. And it's one helluva good novel, too.

**SORCERER'S SHIP.** Hannes Bok; Ballantine Books—95¢.

Hannes Bok was, in his day, perhaps the finest pulp magazine illustrator and cover artist in the SF fantasy mag. It will come as a great surprise to many that he was a vivid and poetic writer as well. He only wrote a handful of novels, but this one far and away his best. For years it lay buried in the back issues of that most fabulous of all fantasy magazines, *Unknown*. Now, in its first new printing in a quarter of a century, here is a rare and brilliant novel in the Merritt tradition of a strange voyage across enchanted seas on a world of strange and perilous wonders. The prose is singing, crystalline, sparkling, thronged with weird imagery and vivid descriptions; the story is exciting and filled with magic and mystery. Oh, what novels Hannes could have written, if his paintings had not kept him away from his typewriter!

[Editor's note: When the great Hannes Bok died in April, 1964, I lost one of the dearest and best friends I ever had. I think Lin Carter will agree that it seems to take the death of a really great man to shake up a selfish, callous society into finally realizing that, lo! A giant had once walked in their midst. For, outside of a small income he derived from astrology, and from what close friends could provide, Hannes was never sought out by the money men in publishing; and he lived and died in abject poverty.... CTB.]

**THE OEMON OF CAWNPORE.** Jules Verne; Ace books—60¢.

Virtually unknown to anybody in this country, a publishing firm named Associated Book-

less, down in Greenwich, Connecticut, have for some several years been putting into hardcovers the complete works of the great Jules Verne into English translation. Many of the sixty books they have published thus far have never been in print in America before; a sizeable number of them have never even seen English translation. If you enjoy reading Verne as much as I do, it must be good news to learn that Ace Books are slowly reprinting the series at the tune of four or five a year—this being the ninth thus far. It's a marvelous story, and very typical Verne: A party of English explorers travelling through mysterious India inside a mechanical elephant. They just don't write 'em like this anymore!

**OUT OF THE UNKNOWN.** A.E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Holt; Powell Sci-Fi—95¢.

One of the all time classic SF fantasy writers and his wife, who share a most typewritten herself, put together a bookfull of their rare ventures into the domain of the weird and the supernatural back in 1948. The book was published by an obscure and since defunct house in a limited edition, and has never (till now) been reissued. These seven extraordinary tales are far from the traditional horror tale: each has a new twist, a style, a brilliant and original gimmick. Very highly recommended, indeed.

**LANO OF UNREASON.** Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp; Ballantine Books—95¢.

Like Hannes Bok's *SORCERER'S SHIP*, here is another neglected classic from the old magazine *Unknown*. This one was done in hardcovers back in 1942, but somehow never made it in paperback until now. I can't imagine why, because it's probably the most original and brilliant fantasy Pratt and de Camp ever did. What happens when you get a couple of leprechauns drunk on St. John's Eve, by leaving out a bowl of excellent scotch for them instead of the usual milk? In this case, what happens is a full-grown Yank gets carried off to Fairyland as a changeling, that's what! Fred Barber's adventures with amorous dryads and vengeful trees at the royal court of Oberon and Titania is not quite the sort of thing William Shakespeare would have countenanced in "A Midsummer Night's Dream".... but then, come to think of it, Shakespeare never wrote for *Unknown*....

**GALACTIC ALARM.** Kurt Mahr & W.W. Shoeks; Ace Books—75¢.

This is the third set of two short novels in Ace's reprinting in English of the SF fantasy sensation of Europe, the incredible Perry Rhodan series which has thus far, in one form or another, sold to the tune of fifty million copies. The power of Perry Rhodan lies not so much in each individual story as in the overwhelming epic sweep of the series as a whole, which is perhaps

the most astounding literary project ever attempted—a thousand times larger and more complex than Doc Smith's "Lensmen" series, *Adrian's* Foundation trilogy, or Heinlein's *Future History* series rolled into one—a super-epic composed of something like five hundred novels, all part of one master plot. If you haven't read Perry Rhodan yet, you better get on the bandwagon quick before the series expands out of sight!

**THE LAST MAGICIANS.** John Jakes; Signet Books—75¢.

If *Sword & Sorcery* is your meat, I recommend *THE LAST MAGICIANS*—or almost anything else by John Jakes. He writes with drive and gusto, a sheer headlong pace that pulls you along not unlike Burroughs, and he writes with crisp color and detail work, too. This novel seems to me his single best. Like it even more than his *Brak* the Barbarian stories, and that is high praise indeed! Here, on a new world where magic really works, two rival cults of magicians war, and our hero, Cham Helleyes, is pitted to a tremendous struggle against the Unborn, the Blue Company, and the terrible and gigantic spectre of Imm, the most powerful magician in all the Worlds. This one must be one of the year's best.

**AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.** Lord Dunsany; Ballantine Books—95¢.

Since I seem to have been tossing the superlatives around rather freely in this column, let me add one more to the list. Lord Dunsany is the greatest fantasy writer who ever set pen to paper. Better than Merritt, Cabell, Howard, Burroughs; better even I think than Tolkien. And I have probably proved it with this incredible collection of thirty short stories which I have edited for the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series. For this book, I skimmed off the cream of Dunsany's early books, selecting the finest stories I could find. From his autobiography I was lucky enough to find bits on how he came to write most of these stories. Taken in chronological order, these notes provide an outline of Dunsany's life for his first forty years or so. This is also the first Dunsany collection ever in paperback, and the first in a dozen years in any form. Some of these stories are pure magic, sheer poetry, so beautifully written they will break your heart, so deliciously entertaining they will convert you to a lifelong enthusiasm for Dunsany on the spot. Try them and see if I am not correct.

— Lin Carter —

Owing to the many requests that have recently poured in concerning curiosity over Lin Carter's style and mood while engaged in his mystic matings, G.P.'s Social Activities Dept. herewith presents a candid shot of Mr. Carter as he is about to commence another day's activity



HORROR! FANTASY! ADVENTURE! SUPER

# HEROES! FILM HISTORY

RARITIES AND COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!

Here's unique memorabilia and nostalgia—film history data, beautifully reproduced rare photos, pressbook and lobby-card reproductions—all in handsome printed book form. Their contents would cost a small fortune if bought separately. (Since some of these items are already in short supply, it's wise not to wait. Forthcoming issues of CoF will not carry certain numbers or titles.)

## GREAT SERIAL ADS \$2.00

Pressbook reproductions from **THE MONSTER AND THE APE**, **FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE**, **THE CRIMSON GHOST**, **THE LOST PLANET**, **THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES** and dozens more!

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #1 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: **DAREDEVILS OF THE RED CIRCLE**, **ATOM MAN VS. SUPERMAN**, **BLAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD** and others.

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #2 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: **LUGOSI'S SHADOW OF CHINATOWN**, **THE MASKED MARVEL**, **BRICK BRADFORD**, **TERRY AND THE PIRATES** and more.

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #3 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: **RATMAN AND ROBIN**, **SPIDER RETURNS**, **JE. G-MEN OF THE AIR** and more!

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #4 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: **HAUNTED HARBOR**, **BLACKNAWK**, **THE SEA MOND** and more!



## 8x10 STILL SETS \$5.00 per set

Five beautiful glossy stills per set! (Sorry... no special request for special stills... 1 Order by numbers: #1 (1936) **FLASH GORDON**; #2 (1939) **BUCK ROGERS**; #3 (1940) **GREEN HORNET**; #4 (Misc.) **CAPT. AMERICA**, **CAPT. MARVEL**, **SATAN** and **PHANTOM**; #5 (Misc.) **DICK TRACY**, **JUNGLE JIM**, **SPY SMASHER**, **PHANTOM RIDER**, **RED RYDER**; #6 (Misc.) **ROCKETMEN**, **MYOKA**, **LONE RANGER**, **DON WINSTON**, **MANDARIN**; #7 (Misc.) **JUNGLE GIBB**, **DRUMS OF FU MANCHU**, **MASKED MARVEL**, **CAPT. MIDNIGHT**, **MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN**; #8 (Misc.) **FLASH GORDON**, **SECRET CODE**, **ZORRO**, **GREEN HORNET**, **KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTAIN**).

## PHOTO ALBUMS

Great scenes! Picture after picture without cropping.

**FLASH GORDON ALBUM** (16 still reproductions from first three serials) .... \$1.00

**FRANKENSTEIN ALBUM** (eight pages of still reproductions) ..... \$75

**DRACULA ALBUM** (eight pages of still reproductions) ..... \$75

## BORIS KARLOFF \$3.95

Large 8 1/2" x 11" book about the Master of the Macabre himself in over 100 choice and rare stills (arranged in chronological order); plus a biographical appreciation and complete filmography list.



## ERROL FLYNN \$3.95

Same format, etc. as Karloff book above, with more than 100 dynamic photos (most of them very rare) of the screen's greatest swashbuckler-hero (plus a filmography, checklist, etc.).

## MOVIE ADS OF THE PAST \$1.50

Lobby-card and pressbook reproductions from **Buster Crabbe** movies, **Ken Maynard's COME ON, TARTAN** also **John Wayne** and many many more!

## SERIAL PICTORIAL \$1.00 ea.

- #1—ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL
- #2—THE MASKED MARVEL
- #3—DARKEST AFRICA
- #4—SPY SMASHER
- #5—DRUMS OF FU MANCHU
- #6—ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION
- #7—SECRET AGENT X-9
- #8—Famous Republic Serial Villain  
Roy Barcroft

**THE SERIAL: Vol. II \$14.00**  
(Vol. One sold out). Synopses, guidelines, etc. Over 300 pages on Columbia, Republic, Universal and more. Now in very limited supply.

**SERIAL SHOWCASE \$3.95**  
Handsome, large 8 1/2 x 11 book—200 wonderful photos of Serial-dom's Golden Age.

**DAYS OF THRILLS & ADVENTURE**  
In large 8 1/2 x 11 "heritage" book format, each volume has scores of collector's item photos, lobby cards, posters and other rare memorabilia.

Vol. I, and Vol. II, each: \$5.95

**GOTHIC CASTLE— 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017**

USE THIS ENTIRE PAGE AS A COUPON BY CIRCLING ITEMS YOU WANT! IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO DEFACE MAGAZINE, COUPON IS NOT NECESSARY. PLEASE PRINT ITEMS NEATLY WHEN ORDERING!



## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Yes, it's here at last! The full 7-reel feature length edition of the 1935 horror classic can be yours!

Made more than forty years ago, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA has never been duplicated for sheer thrills and chills, despite two other versions within the last 35 years.

Now learn about the Dread Curse that hung over the opera house . . .

See the horrors of the complex maze lying underground: Catacombs . . . An Underground Lake . . . The Cryptic Cask . . .

The Lair of the Phantom . . . And, horror of horrors the Phantom's Secret—a scene that awakes all manners of fears and shudders as it has done for several generations!

NOW . . . this great masterpiece, featuring the amazing Lon Chaney, can be yours for \$48.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling). 8mm—7 reels—1400 feet

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

Portrayed by  
**CHRISTOPHER LEE**



# DRACULA

ONLY \$5.95

Hear for the first time on record, a dramatization, with music and sounds, of Bram Stoker's classic tale of the macabre. You will be thrilled and chilled as you listen to the story of the most famous fiend of all time, and what happens when he leaves his castle in Transylvania and preys on the teeming metropolis of London . . .

**2 Big 12" LP records (over one hour playing time)**

I am enclosing a check or money order for \$5.95. Please send me my two record album of Dracula

Mail to:  
**Vampire**

**GOTHIC CASTLE**  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Over 250 pages historical data; plus 48 glossy pages of Fantasy-Horror stills, many never known to exist.

## AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM

Directory-checklist on 350 Film Greats (inc. cast/prod. credits), plus 14 page index & hundreds of references.  
Formerly 7.95, new special CoF rate only: **\$4.95** (post & handling included).

Briefly, this is the most definitive work in print to date on everything from DAS KABINETT OES DR. CALIGARI (1919) to ALPHAVILLE (1965), with snapshots of Chaney (Sr. and Jr.), Kierulf, Lugosi, Browning, Lewton, Carmon and even Jean Renoir and Jean Cocteau in between. It is also, perhaps, the best, work ever published on any particular movie genre, topping even George N. Fenin and William K. Everson's laudable 1962 *The Western: From Silence to Cinema*.

**GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017**

### CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S BOOKSHELF:

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE & HANDLING. Order from: **GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017**

75¢ each:

- ( ) THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED
- ( ) ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW
- ( ) INVISIBLE MEN
- ( ) ALONE BY NIGHT
- ( ) SARDONICUS

- ( ) ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS
- ( ) SOME OF YOUR BLOOD
- ( ) NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS
- ( ) DEALS WITH THE DEVIL
- ( ) THE FRANKENSTEIN READER (\$1.00 special, edited by Calvin T. Beck)

Cover Reproductions of CoF, minus any printed matter on the back (very scarce):

- ( ) HANNES BOK'S "Good & Evil" — used as back cover on CoF no. 10, . . . \$4.00.
- ( ) CHRIS LEE as FU MANCHU (from 1967 CoF ANNUAL back cover painting by Russ Jones) . . . \$2.00

- ( ) GREEN HORNET, front cover for CoF no. 10 . . . \$1.00
- ( ) 1967 CoF FEARBOOK front cover, by Russ Jones . . . \$1.00

**MOVIE STILL'S On Glossy Stock:**

- 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY: 5 different scenes \$10.00; ten different for \$20, etc.
- HAMMER FILMS: Large selection from "Gorgon," "Requiem of the Zerkos," "Horror of Dracula," and many other Hammer. \$2.00 each.

From UNIVERSAL: A wide variety from Universal's "Golden Age" of the 30's and 40's, including Kierulf, Lugosi, etc., plus many scenes. . . . \$1.50 each.

**FANTASY/HORROR Film Grab Bag:** Hundreds of different scenes from hundreds of various Fantasy/Horror films from the 30's, 40's to 60's. Too many to list. . . . Any ten for \$7.50. Each additional still. . . . 75¢ each.

**MISCELLANEOUS STILL'S.** Mostly from non-fantasy films—Grab bags: 20 different stills. . . . \$1.00 each. 40 different stills. . . . \$18.00

Specials: 100 different. . . . \$39.00

### More Books:

**"THE OLD MOVIES"—\$7.00 per vol.** Extraordinary movie history, synopses, photos, posters, lobby posters, plus notes and guides, by the publishers of the fabulous SERIALS OF REPUBLIC, SERIALS OF COLUMBIA, etc. In Five Volumes. . . . \$7.00 each:  
Vol. One—8 WESTERNS  
Vol. Two—THE SERIALS  
Vol. Three—8 WESTERNS  
Vol. Four—SERIALS  
Vol. Five—MORE WESTERNS

**Art Work by GRAY MORROW:**

**"DARK OMINA"—\$7.00.**

64 large 8 1/2 x 11 pages of art work by one of the greatest illustrators of the 20th century. Famous also for his early work in EC horror comics and similar magazines in the genre. A collector's item!

All prices listed include postage and handling. Send cash, check or money order to: **GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10017**



**CHAMBER OF HORRORS** — Lepid's books in ghastly castle dungeon-torture actioner.

**CHAMBER HORRORS**



**HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR** — Great scenes from Phantom of the Opera, Hunchback of Notre Dame and The Cat and the Canary.

**HORROR HIGH**

**VAMPIRE BAT**



**THE VAMPIRE BAT** — Lionel Atwill as a fiend who uses the evil powers of his mind to destroy others.

**MIDNIGHT WAX MUSEUM**



**MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** — Learn the true meaning of horror! Alone at night in the frightening wax museum!



**DINOSAURUS** — Two prehistoric monsters battle to the death! (Available in Super 8.)



**WERE WOLF** — Human brain, human cunning... in the body of a bloodthirsty beast! (Available in Super 8.)



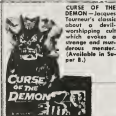
**FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** — Herold Lloyd Jr. stars as a modern Dr. Frankenstein, spreading terror throughout Beverly Hills!



**MASTER OF TERROR** — Robert Lansing goes mad, then uses a secret formula to walk through walls and commit murder! (Available in Super 8.)



**THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** — The infamous Baron Frankenstein creates a family... and his patients turn on him in a frenzy of revenge! (Available in Super 8.)



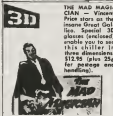
**CURSE OF THE DEMON** — Jacques Tourneur's classic about a devil-worshipping cult which evokes a savage and murderous monster. (Available in Super 8.)



**THE GIANT CLAW** — A bird-beast from the prehistoric past attempts to destroy the world! (Available in Super 8.)



**THE BLOB** — Steve McQueen in the story of a creepy, crawly from outer space! Nothing can stop it! (Available in Super 8.)



**THE MAD MAGICIAN** — Vincent Price stars as the insane Great Gollies. Special 3D glasses (included) enable you to see this thriller in three dimensions! \$12.95 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling).



**CAPTAIN MARVEL** — Thwarts the efforts of a mad scientist who hopes to rule the world through use of a superpowered scorpion! 400 foot special — \$11.95 (plus \$1.95 for postage and handling).



**BATMAN OF AFRICA** — Clyde Beatty encounters Bats, savages and the flying Batmen only to be caught in an earthquake. (Available in Super 8.)



**MY SON THE VAMPIRE** — Bela Lugosi portrays a vampire who hopes to control the world! (Available in Super 8.)



**NO SPERRATI! F. W. Murnau's classic of sheer terror in special feature-length version (completed) Three 400 foot reels! \$39.95 (plus \$1.95 for postage and handling).**  
Mail to: **GOthic CASTLE**, 509 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017.



**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** — Ray Harryhausen and H. G. Wells team for real thrill! PLUS actual moon shot scenes from NASA's Project Apollo! (Available in Super 8.)



**Add 60¢ for Super 8 orders.**

All titles listed below are \$5.95 each. Add 25¢ for postage and handling. Mail to: **GOthic CASTLE**, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. 10017.

- |                                                  |                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHAMBER OF HORRORS      | <input type="checkbox"/> MASTER OF TERROR        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR    | <input type="checkbox"/> REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAMPIRE BAT             | <input type="checkbox"/> CURSE OF THE DEMON      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MIDNIGHT AT MUSEUM      | <input type="checkbox"/> THE GIANT CLAW          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DINOSAURUS              | <input type="checkbox"/> THE BLOB                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE WEREWOLF            | <input type="checkbox"/> BATMAN OF AFRICA        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER | <input type="checkbox"/> MY SON THE VAMPIRE      |

☐ FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If you own a Super 8 projector, add 60¢ to each \$5.95 film ordered.

# 8mm Horror Films



**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**—A raging thunderstorm! Boris—superior to the original say some.

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—



**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Mad scientists create bride for Frank! See her brought to life!



**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**—Two incredible creatures clash! Legend vs. Chasyl!

**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**—Also Dracula, the Wolfman and the Lovable Men! Who could ask for more?

and meet **FRANKENSTEIN**



**THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**—Archaeologists vs. the Galleon. First of the series.

**Creature from Black Lagoon**

**Creature Walks Among Us**



**THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**—Second in the Galleon series. See him leave a wake of destruction!

**Revenge of the Creature**



**REVENGE OF THE CREATURE**—Panic in a sea coast town as the Galleon threatens!



**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Ward of the law turns into monster! Excellent satire.

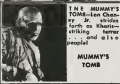


**ONE MILLION B.C.**—The original... with Victor Mature vs. Immature dinosaurs erupt!



**THE MUMMY**—Reincarnation spans 3700 years as Kullback appears in one of his most famous roles!

**Boris KARLOFF THE MUMMY**



**THE MUMMY'S TOMB**—Ten Chasyl Jr. strikes forth as Kullback strikes terror... and also people!

**MUMMY'S TOMB**



**ROCKET ROLL**

**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO MARS (ROCKET AND ROLL)**—The wackiest satire shot ever filmed. It's psychedelic!



**DR. CYCLOPS** reduces human beings to the size of mice! A classic!

**DR. CYCLOPS**



**The Deadly Mantle**

**THE DEADLY MANTLE** on a rampage of destruction! Nothing can stop it!



**TARANTULA**—A gigantic spider is created by a mad scientist!



**DRACULA** stalks! Lugosi's greatest role!

**DRACULA** BELA LUGOSI



**IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE**, based on a Ray Bradbury story, Richard Carlson battles against time!



**WAR OF THE PLANETS**—Aliens kidnap scientist! Exploding missiles!

**WAR OF THE PLANETS**



**26,000 MILES FROM EARTH**—IT doubles in size every night, wreaking havoc on a terrified populace!



**TOUR UNIVERSAL STUDIOS**—Behind the scenes of the most famous horror studio of them all!

**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine 91' long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground catacombs as Botzweig create a robot-android in a sequence to put down ALL "creation-of-life" mad lab sequences! Some of the most tremendous special effects ever devised! \$55.95 (includes postage, handling and insurance). Mail to: **GOthic CASTLE**, 509 Fifth Avenue, NYC, NY 10017.



Which do you want, gong? The terrific \$3.98 version or the larger 200 ft. \$5.95 version? Be sure to specify correctly! (Do all \$5.95 orders, add 25c for postage and handling.) Mail to: **GOthic CASTLE**, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y. 10017

\$3.98 \$5.95

- ☐ SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ FRANKIE MEETS WOLFMAN
- ☐ A & C MEET FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ CREATURE FROM LAGOON
- ☐ CREATURE AMONG US
- ☐ REVENGE OF CREATURE
- ☐ A & C MEET J & N
- ☐ ONE MILLION B. C.
- ☐ THE MUMMY

\$3.98 \$5.95

- ☐ MUMMY'S TOMB
- ☐ A & C GO TO MARS
- ☐ DR. CYCLOPS
- ☐ DEADLY MANTIS
- ☐ TARANTULA
- ☐ DRACULA
- ☐ FROM OUTER SPACE
- ☐ WAR OF PLANETS
- ☐ 26,000 MILES
- ☐ TOUR UNIVERSAL

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Important! All titles above available in Super 8. If you own a Super 8 projector, add 60c to each \$5.95 film ordered and 25c to each \$3.98 film ordered.)

# METROPOLIS

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

## DID YOU MISS ANY?



Behind the Scenes with **TU**  
MANOHU and Christopher Lee;  
David McCallum—The Man from  
M.O.N.S.T.E.R.; William K. Easter  
recalls The Last Days of Bela  
Lugosi; Mike Porey interviews  
Halloween makeup artist Roy Ashton;  
filming **RASPUTIN** On the Sets  
at Newseum; Lin Carter sums up  
1965: The Year in Horror-Fantasy  
Reels; To Movie-going "C" lit-  
erary: Merch for Mayer posted;  
**RATMAN**—1954's greatest  
1966 TV, **S.O.M. OF FRANKENSTEIN**  
centerfold special; two Baron  
vase **BUNGLE** strips; **RATMAN**  
back cover



**JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Extremely limited supply available of this rare one-shot, published in 1939. History of European horror film from 1875 to present. Boris Karloff as seen by different writers in picture-stories on *THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD* and *MOUSE ON THE HAUNTED MILL*, animated for nose. **GLASS: FRANKENSTEIN** A

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:  
Gothic Castle Publishing Co. Inc.  
509 Fifth Ave. - New York, N.Y. 10017

**JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Extremely limited supply available of this one-shot, published in 1987, review of European horror films from 1875 to present. Boris Karloff as seen by different writers; picture-stories on *THE VAMPIRE*, *THE MONSTER*, *THE UNDAUNTED*, *THE UNDAUNTED MILL*, animated fantasy films; **FRANKENSTEIN A LARGE**; review of *La Fiercelle*; on Cleopatra; biography of horror writer JOHN W. CAMPBELL; horror screenplay—**RETURN OF THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**; detailed review of horror films of '58.



## RAPPING ABOUT BACK ISSUES, COLLECTING, ETC.

Temporarily and until certain layout changes are effected, part of the Back Issues Dept. drops in here with space and description for CoF No.14 below.

Much to our surprise, recently we got tidings of people who sell back issues of CoF (mostly thru stores, conventions, etc.) for two or three times higher than prices listed in our pages. This was particularly noted during several recent SFantasy and Comic Book Conventions. Not that we're trying to discourage free enterprise. In fact nothing was more exciting and flattering than learning how a complete file of CoF (and JoF) went for a total of \$75.00!! But... may as well spread the word around that for 66% or more off, CoF Back Issues are still available. Thru our Back Issues Dept., of course. While certain issues are definitely in very short supply now (and will be unobtainable eventually, except at premium rates), ALL numbers are in stock.

### IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

The long awaited and delayed article-study into two film rarities, THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, and the 1932 DR.JEKYLL & MR. HYDE by William K. Evenson. . . ROBERT "Psycho" BLOCH interviewed. . . Continuation of THE HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM. . . Plus other articles, film critiques, letters, and return of our regular features. To be sure you don't miss the next issue: 1) Buy from a reliable stand. 2) Put the dealer under an hypnotic spell (if it doesn't work, tell him he'll be hexed). 3) Or: Subscribe by using the friendly neighborhood coupon at the right.



CoF Number Fourteen (No.14) at the right is, of course, only one of the back issues still available at \$1 each (or 5 for \$4.00, unless marked higher because of low supply). Further information to be found on pages 64-65.



No.14-- KARLOFF SPECIAL:  
"Tribute to Karloff" by "My  
Life as a Monster" by Karloff,  
HORROR FILM HISTORY  
part One: RAY BRADBURY  
interview, pt.2: CARRISAK by  
Brunner, pt.2(conclusion),  
STAR TREK Debate: THE  
ILLUSTRATED NAKI Books  
reviewed by LIN CARTER,  
FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE  
DESTROYED: photos from  
WIZARD OF OZ, GWANGI,  
etc.



## Sub- Cryptions

The reason why famous speed-freak artist and sub-underground filmmaker Vincent Van Ghool is standing and looking and standing like that is because he's heard the news that CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN has resumed its subscription services. And he's very happy about it (metaphysically & existentially speaking, of course).

CoF subscriptions now include the following services:

- 1) Copies that are delivered are fresh off the press.
  - 2) All copies are mailed out in large, strong, flat envelopes.
  - 3) You're guaranteed that each new issue gets to you even though certain stands may be completely sold out.
  - 4) All copies to subscribers are especially selected for their crispness and mint condition, unlike newsstand copies that, at times, are read, worn, smudged or crumpled by bundling.
- Prices given in the coupon below are for subscriptions only within the USA and possessions. Canada and elsewhere: \$1.50 extra for 9 issues, and \$3.00 extra for 20 issues. (Included in the mailing of each copy is the cost of postage, envelope, handling and each issue itself.)

### For Future Issues

\$5.00 for 9 issues — \$10.00 for 20 issues

(Canada & elsewhere, add \$1.50 for 9 issues, \$3.00 for 20 issues.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:

GOTHIC CASTLE - 509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017







*Halloween Smooches from The Dregs 2009*